

SHOULD A MAN BE TALLER THAN HIS WIFE? See inside.

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LONDON
WIMBORNE

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.



WEEKLY.

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No. 100.]

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WEEK ENDING AUGUST 29, 1901.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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NAVY CUT

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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

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Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, Aug. 22nd, 1901, until midnight, Friday, Aug. 30th, 1901. For full particulars see page 128.

No. 580.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STATIONERS.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 29, 1901.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

"WHAT is Jimmy howling about now?"

"He thought his grandmother had sent him a box of chocolate for his birthday, but it turned out to be a box of soap."

ELDERLY LADY: "Was that your sister I saw you with yesterday, Johnny?"

Johnny (aged six): "Do I look like a fellow who'd waste his time on sisters?"

GREAT EDITOR: "And did you write this essay all by yourself?"

Literary Aspirant: "Yes; it is all my own work."

Great Editor: "Well, then, Charles Lamb, I am very pleased to meet you."

HOW TO GROW SHORT.

If you climb a mountain, your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exceptionally, by a full inch.

This is a fact known to all experienced mountain and Alpine climbers; on reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of holiday makers in the Alpine districts, the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already mentioned.

Doctors think that the attitude assumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution; some persons believe that the pressure of the atmosphere produces this shrinking. In favour of the medical theory there is the other unquestionable fact that the decrease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb.

When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

"WHAT is that sound like a rainstorm that I hear from the floor above?"

"Why, that's our latest rain apparatus. It's for the convenience and satisfaction of umbrella buyers who want to test their purchases."

"I NOTICED he was unusually formal and circumspect in his behaviour," she told her dearest friend, "and I thought at first I had offended him in some way."

"Had you?"

"Oh, no. As soon as Brother Willie came in and got the phonograph he had inadvertently left on the table everything was all right again."

HOW HE DID IT.

At a dinner party the conversation, which had become informal and general, turned on the subject of tricks with cards.

One of the men produced a pack and proposed to show the company a most remarkable performance.

He asked the hostess to have a soup-tureen brought, and it was done. Then he asked the lady at his right to draw a card from the pack and make a mental note of it. She did so, and returned the card at random to the pack.

The performer next asked three or four of the male guests to shuffle the cards in turn and requested the last of them to place the pack in the soup-tureen and put the cover on.

Turning to the lady who had drawn the card, he asked her in what order she would have it appear from the top of the pack, and she said she would like to have it in the seventeenth place.

One of the gentlemen then took the pack from the soup-tureen and counted the cards from the top, face down.

"What was your card?" the performer asked the lady, and she replied that it was the ace of spades. The seventeenth card was turned over and proved to be the ace of spades.

A few days later a gentleman, who was one of the guests, met the performer and asked for an explanation of that interesting card trick.

"Oh, that was an easy one," he replied. "You see, that was a pack of my own, and there were fifty-two aces of spades in it."

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WHEN MOLLIE BATHES THE BABY.

When Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride;
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf,
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then: "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby
I always say to her:
"Look out, now, don't you drop him,"
And she answers back: "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscles in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than it ever shows to me.
But I feel no jealous goading
As they laud him to the skies,
For everyone assures me
That he has his father's eyes.

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

AN old gentleman was present at the reading of the will of a distant relative. He had hardly expected to find himself remembered in it; but pretty soon a clause was read in which a certain field was bequeathed to him. That was good; but the document went on to bequeath the old grey mare in the said field to someone else—a man with whom the old gentleman was not on friendly terms. That was too much for his equanimity; and he interrupted the solemn proceedings and brought a smile to the faces of the company by exclaiming:

"Then she's eating my grass!"

CRAZY CRICKETERS.

THE present system of treating the insane includes athletics—cricket, football, lawn tennis, and so on. If you saw a team of crazy cricketers, you would scarcely be able to distinguish them from the sane; they play, as a rule, very sanely, and enjoy the game very much.

That was the opinion expressed by an expert in mental diseases quite recently, and he supplemented his remarks with the following:

"They have occasional vagaries. I once saw a man, who was fielding out, pick up the ball, and run round the meadow with it; he could not be persuaded to give it up, and all the field chased him for ten minutes before it could be taken from him.

"Another time it was a batsman who proved obstinate. He was bowled beautifully, but declined to leave the wicket and stood ready with his bat to defend the position. Several attempts were made to eject him, but in vain, and I was beginning to fear a general riot—some were siding with, and others against him—when the tea bell rang and they all trooped in like lambs."

Women lunatics play cricket, as well as tennis. Jumping is a favourite sport with both sexes. A woman who had made a good jump, was so excited by the applause that she careered across the ground and tried the seven feet wall.

"By Jove, I left my purse under my pillow!"

"Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?"

"That's just it—she'll take it to my wife."

It was during the natural history lesson.

"Give me," asked the teacher, "an example of the alleged deceitful character of the cat."

"In restaurants it is sometimes said to pass itself off for a rabbit," answered the head boy.

"BLINKS has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said, 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

SKILL IN KNIFE-THROWING.

AMONG seamen of the lowest class the art of throwing the olap knife reaches a standard of excellence which it is difficult to understand until you have witnessed an exhibition of skill.

These men learn to throw the knife with such dexterity that the weapon becomes a most formidable one and equal to a revolver in a fight, where it is not possible to get close to an adversary. At a distance of ten yards the knife can be thrown with such force as to sink to the handle in the body of an opponent.

Some few years ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of the docks, an old Malay seaman, who picked up a living by teaching the art of knife-throwing. He charged a few pence, or the equivalent in tobacco, for a lesson, and he instituted competitions with a small entrance fee and prizes of like proportions.

He himself was an adept. He would balance the knife in his hand, give his arm a quick jerk, and away the knife would whiz through the air, and strike the bull's-eye in the neatest way. It was amazing, and he could do it time after time without a failure.

AN editor, who is evidently a man of family, sagely remarks that a boy who will yell like a Tartar if a drop of water gets on his shirt-band when his neck is getting washed, will crawl through a sewer after a ball and think nothing of it.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

Mrs. Oldwife: "I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him."

Mrs. Youngwife: "You mean that you give him all your trade?"

Mrs. Oldwife: "No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

NOT TO BE TRICKED.

AN old couple who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London.

The resolution was communicated to their neighbours, who gave them long instructions as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city sharpers.

The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train reached Bedford.

There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him.

Fortunately an express was due in a few minutes, and the station master, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to enter it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife. He was waiting eagerly at the station when the train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out:

"Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you again! I thought we were parted for ever!"

The old woman looked at him suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly: "Away wi' ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnnon tricks wi' me. I left my own man at t'other station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and has yer looked up!"

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SHORT STORY

PERKINS AND HIS PLEASURE GARDEN.

By G. Vincent-Holytown.

THE Perkinses had been established in their new house for months before they gave a thought to the little patch of waste ground at the back. Then came a time when Perkins couldn't give a thought to anything else, and all through a hint or two that Wilkins dropped.

Wilkins was always dropping hints and suggestions. He could suggest more things in two minutes than ten men could carry out in a lifetime.

Perkins rather believed in Wilkins in a nebulous kind of way. Wilkins and Perkins seemed to have an affinity for each other, perhaps that of the before-and-after-dining-at-Burston's type as represented in Burston's distortion mirror. Wilkins was a long, bony man who always wore the pale cast of thought, while Perkins was a short, fat man who always wore his vest and trousers' band unbuttoned.

Past the back of Perkins' premises there ran a quiet little lane with some lovely rural scenery and a pub at each end. It was Wilkins' favourite walk, and if Perkins was visible, Wilkins would pause, lean over the fence, and say things. "It's time you did something to the garden," he said one evening.

"What garden?" demanded Perkins vacantly. "The one you're standing in. Isn't it yours?" "I call it a back-yard," explained Perkins firmly. "I call it a disgrace," retorted the aggressive Wilkins, "and all for the want of a little well-directed effort. It's simply a question of energy and brainwork. The cost isn't worth talking about."

"How much would it be?" inquired Perkins, showing an unreasonable desire to talk about it. Wilkins swept his eye over the squalid little patch with an air of intense concentration, his lips moved in silent addition sums, and his whole appearance was that of a man whose brain was performing three thousand revolutions per minute.

"For a few shillings," he announced at length, with careful exactitude, "that wilderness can be transformed into a veritable pleasure-garden."

Wilkins' ideas regarding the size of an average wilderness (forty feet by fifteen) were by no means excessive, and his quotation for the transformation job (inclusive) was moderation itself. He was so explicit, too, about the simple nature of the tools required that Perkins became a proselyte to the pleasure-garden scheme on the spot, and from that moment there was no such word as back-yard in the bright lexicon of the Perkinses.

"You don't want a great list of plant and rolling-stock to begin with," continued Wilkins cheerfully; "a spade, a grubber, a rake, a clat, a Dutch hoe, a pitchfork, a dibble, a watering-can, a hose, and a special water-tap are really all you need. Of course, if you intend having a grass plot in the centre, an expensive lawn-mower might be added, but you can get all these things for a mere song nowadays."

The first song that Perkins sang on the score of these and kindred trifles only contained two notes for five pounds each. When Wilkins came round on Saturday afternoon to offer a few more suggestions, Perkins tackled him about the expense. As the sum named, however, came near enough Wilkins' modest estimate for all (Wilkins' practical purposes, he was scarcely so sympathetic as Perkins thought he might have been.

"Yes, I thought that would be about the figure," he said.

"Oh, did you," gasped Perkins; "I thought you said a few shillings. How many do you call a few?"

"Well, you couldn't expect to get lawn-mowers and spades and things for nothing, could you?"

"From what you said I could have expected a complete set to be given away off a packet of seed."

"I think you've got off cheap myself. Why, up at Kew Gardens they spend thousands of pounds."

Perkins shuddered at the analogous case of Kew Gardens struck home.

"All right," he interrupted, "let's forget it. And now that we've got the plant what about the planting?"

"First of all," replied Wilkins impressively, "you must plan out the grounds."

The plurality of the word "grounds" seemed so suggestive of broad acres and territorial cares that Perkins felt a glow of gratitude to Wilkins when he added "I'll help you." His gratitude changed into resentment, however, when Wilkins continued:

"Of course you'll be wanting a summer house and a neat little conservatory."

"Oh, of course," snarled Perkins. "Anything that costs money I must have; that's understood."

"Don't excite yourself. All we want is some wood, glass, and putty, and we can run the things up ourselves."

"While the tradesmen run up the bills. I see, it's quite easy when you know how."

"Nonsense, you can get putty for a few pence, the cost of the wood and glass is a mere bagatelle, and, just think, the conservatory and the summer house become valuable assets. Portable ones, too; you can take them with you when you move."

"Exactly. Pack them up in pasteboard boxes, label 'fragile—this side up,' and all responsibility ends."

"Don't be foolish. They would come to pieces quite easily, and—"

"That's just what I would be afraid of."

"Humbly. Don't you remember how they shifted the

Crystal Palace from—er—wherever it was to where it is?"

"No, I don't; but I'm not talking about moving anyhow, or I shouldn't be fooling here. Even if I do get the material for all these structures where are you going to crowd them?"

"I'm not going to crowd them at all. There's no need to if the space is properly economised. Look at the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon for instance."

Perkins looked and failed to see them. After explanations by Wilkins he confused them with the Tower of Babel, which he could not help thinking had not been a conspicuous success. Finally, however, he agreed to take Wilkins' advice and secure materials on which that gentleman might exercise his architectural ability hitherto displayed in the building of several splendid castles in the air.

"And now," resumed Wilkins with a cheery air of progress, "supposing we take up the question of gravel walks."

"Supposing we take up the question of walks instead," interjected Perkins, "plain walks. Gravel costs money."

"Gravel will cost you nothing," replied Wilkins gravely. "All you have to do is to dig for it in your own garden."

"How far down?" queried Perkins, getting quite hopeful in the prospect of something for nothing.

"The strata of the earth," said Wilkins learnedly, "according to the evidence of Hugh Miller in 'The Old Red Sandstone,' are such that in this particular neighbourhood any stout active man can get down to gravel in—two two's."

Perkins was certainly stout enough, if that was any qualification for digging gravel, but not contented with his natural fitness for the task he pressed for particulars as to the precise period of time implied by the scientific term "two two's."

"You'll find excellent gravel a mere fathom or so below the surface," Wilkins assured him, "if you select the right spot."

"Very well, you'd better select it then," said Perkins, and Wilkins, obviously possessed of a spirit of divination, marked out a spot with clothes-pegs accordingly. Perkins was willing to commence operations at once, and Wilkins gave him a few general hints how to proceed.

"Throw the earth well back from the mouth of the hole so that it won't fall in again. Give yourself plenty of elbow room. Dig the pit in gentle easy stages and you'll be amongst the gravel while you wait."

Wilkins himself did not wait; but, announcing his intention of going home to plan out the grounds and design the summer house and conservatory, he went away, and Perkins saw him no more for three days. When Wilkins did come back he found Perkins sitting on the edge of a yawning chasm, surrounded with sierras of earth, and wiping the perspiration from his face and neck.

"Have you reached it yet?" asked Wilkins.

"I have," replied Perkins.

"I thought you would. Is it of good size and quality?"

"The very best. It's all in one piece and seems remarkably durable."

"What are you talking about? Are you mad?"

"I should think I am. I've a right to be. Here have I gone and dug and dug till I must have come near piercing that crust of the earth I've read about, looking for gravel strata and finding solid rock strata instead."

"Yes, I rather feared that from the start," said Wilkins with the air of a man who meets all sorts of disasters unflinchingly.

"I don't remember seeing any signs of fear about you when you were staking out the Perkins gravel claim."

"Don't be sarcastic, Perkins. How was I to know you'd strike the rock first?"

Wilkins pulled a piece of string out of his pocket, tied a stone to the end of it, and sounded the depths of the abyss.

"Why, you've only dug a mere matter of nine feet. I'm as positive as ever that the gravel lies below that rock."

"And I'm just as certain it'll stay there."

"Don't get despondent. Look at the trouble there was with the excavations at Pompeii and the ultimate rich reward. I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Perkins; I'll mark out a fresh place for you to start on right away."

"Thanks, Wilkins, and I'll reciprocate by telling you what I won't do for you or any other man, the item in question being the sinking of any more gravel-pits."

With touching forbearance Wilkins ceased to argue the matter. He simply drew some large sheets of paper out of his breast pocket and handed them to Perkins.

"These are the garden plans," said Wilkins modestly, "and the designs for the conservatory and summer house."

Perkins ran his eye carefully over the drawings before he spoke.

"They are very pretty," he said at length. "That fountain on the lawn and the monkey-puzzle trees shading the summer house fill a long-felt want. These orchids and clusters of grapes in the hot-house will come in very usefully indeed. These double rows of orange trees, doubtless raised from the pip, hold forth rich promise of luscious fruit and home grown marmalade. But most of all I appreciate the gravel walks. I realise the trouble you must have taken to get them there, and my fondest memories will ever be of them."

Wilkins listened placidly until Perkins had finished, and then asked him:

"Did you get the wood and glass for the conservatory?"

"Ah, that reminds me," said Perkins hurriedly. "What do you think the market price of Perkinses has gone to?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because you said the cost of the wood and glass would be a mere bagatelle. It may interest you to learn that a boom in bagatelles has obviously taken place, for the merest one I could get quotations for, judging from the price of raw conservatory material, ran to three pound fifteen."

"Did you buy the wood and glass at that figure?"

"I did not, nor at any other figure. The Wilkins insanity had passed away by that time, leaving my intellect clear and unclouded as before. Permit me to ask you a question

Wilkins. Did you ever own a garden yourself, or take charge of a garden, or work in a garden during the whole period of your existence?"

"I can't say I ever did that I remember, but I've been reading up articles about gardens lately, and I thought I might as well give you the benefit of my knowledge."

"Ah, that explains it," sighed Perkins as he slowly and sadly commenced to fill in the hole at his feet.

"Yes," remarked Wilkins to some acquaintance next evening. "Perkins was in far too much of a hurry about his garden. I had no experience of gardening myself but I tried to help him all I could. He had no patience whatever. Only last night I was explaining to him how Rome wasn't built in a day, and yet he wouldn't listen to a word. I think he was quite cross about it."

BUTTERFLY-WING FURNITURE.

Tables and Planos Decorated with the Wings of "Swallow-tails" and "Tigers" worth £1,000.

A CHARMING actress possesses a writing-table, the surface of which is a beautiful patchwork of butterfly wings. The reader would naturally decide that an article so fragile must be of no material use; in reality it is almost in daily use, a clear pane of glass protecting the ephemeral wings and forming a desirable writing surface.

Hundreds of wings, white, red, blue and mottled, have been employed in veneering this fairy-like desk; and owing to the rarity of some of the butterflies its value is very great.

A more imposing specimen of butterfly work is the front of a magnificent ebony piano, the property of a fair Parisienne. Instead of the usual panel or fretwork front, there is a border of blue wings of foreign moth and butterfly; the centre represents branches of apple blossom and foliage, with dainty-winged Cupids hovering about, the execution of which is so beautiful that at a distance the work looks like an elaborate painting.

Here, again, a sheet of glass shields the delicate production from the ravages of insects and dust. On more than one occasion the instrument has been displayed at exhibitions, being considered a masterpiece in its way. Several tempting offers have been made, but the owner declines to part with it.

Not intended for ordinary use is a fan owned by an Englishwoman of title. It is composed of thick parchment with ivory shafts, and completely covered with the wings of tiny butterflies, so arranged as to admit of folding without damaging the scales.

Beautiful is the picture that graces the drawing-room of a curiosity collector.

It represents a grotto under the sea, a lovely mermaid reclining on the rocks, while bright coloured anemones, green weeds, and shells lie about. The work is executed entirely in butterflies and moths, chiefly the wings, so delicately laid on that at a distance it appears like a valuable painting.

Wonderful skill has been employed in the shade and light given to the water, while the flesh tints of the mermaid have been furnished by means of tiny wings of a foreign cream-tinted butterfly-moth. Thousands of insects are represented, the picture having taken over five years to finish, while its value is said to be nearly £1,000.

The glass-protected panels of a West-end drawing-room door are covered with the wings of blue and white butterflies, the white wings forming roses in full bloom, the blue ones dainty leaf sprays and scrolls. A ball-dress was recently seen in New York, the skirt of which bore an apron lavishly decorated with butterflies, dragonflies, and moths; and a successful bonnet worn by a French lady was little more than a swarm of tiny butterflies and a twist of gauzy chiffon.

"E. R."

THE Post Office authorities are, as usual, behind the times; their carts still bear the monogram, "V. R." But the police are more up-to-date, and have for some time had this replaced by "E. R." on the vans known familiarly as the "Black Maria," and called by some until recently by such expressions as "Very Respectable" and "Virtue Rewarded," and insulted by others as "Vagabonds Removed."

Now this is changed, a new distinguishing name must be applied to this vehicle. Shall we insult the occupants by calling their coach "Eligant Rascals" or "Effigies Rare," or jeer at them in such terms of "Exceptionally Respectable," "Early Reformation," "Exceptionable Recommendation," and "Extreme Regrets," or shall we be severe and say piously, "Exemplary Retribution," or with more truth, "Early Risers" and "Economic Rations"?

A series of articles entitled, "The Schools of my Childhood," has just commenced in M. A. P., and will be continued for some weeks. These articles, in addition to giving pictures of the Irish schools of the "Fifties" and the "Sixties," will contain several chapters of the autobiography of Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Soldiers of the Kaiser." A splendid article on the German Army in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.



TRAGEDIES of UNPOSTED LETTERS
When Missing the Post Meant Death or Disaster.

If a well-known theatrical manager had posted the letter he had written and sealed, the recent suicide of the two beautiful and accomplished actresses staying in Bloomsbury would not have been an actual fact.

The chief reason for the termination of two such promising careers, it will be remembered, was the inability of the actresses to obtain engagements. This so preyed upon the mind of one of them, that, thoroughly distracted, she obeyed the dictates of a temporarily weakened brain to find in poison the only solution of her difficulty. Unfortunately she persuaded her sister to do likewise. The letter written by the theatrical manager a few days previous was to offer one of the sisters a good engagement in America. When about to post it, a friend had called upon him and together they had gone to a seaside resort, while the letter that would have probably prevented the loss of two valuable lives lay unposted on the table.

Quite as pathetic, though no life was destroyed, was that of James Mills, the young son of a wealthy merchant in the Midlands, who was wrongly accused of forging his father's name on a cheque for a large amount.

The indignant son left a luxurious home to take a post as clerk with a low salary in a London office. He waited a year, hoping that the real forger would be discovered, and that he would be called home. From a dingy house in the East-end, heart broken and utterly miserable, he wrote to his father, again protesting his innocence, and asking to be taken from the life and surroundings he abhorred, stipulating a certain time by which a letter should reach him.

The reply did not come by the time stated, but two days after he had enlisted in the Army under an assumed name, the letter forgiving him was delivered to his late address. But he never received it, nor did his parents ever see him again, although some years after one of the merchant's clerks confessed to the forgery.

Had a letter arrived a few hours sooner than it did it would have saved the life of Elsie Matthews, a beautiful girl, who died of a broken heart. Her betrothed lover was seeking a fortune for both of them in South Africa. Letter after letter had she written to him, but never a reply came. He had experienced misfortune, and had shifted from one place to another, thus missing her letters, and himself had abstained from writing until he could report better news. Then he had fallen a victim to dysentery, and, on recovering, had written a long letter to his fiancée, explaining the reason of his silence.

Miss Matthews meanwhile, believing him dead, in despair and without love, had married a man who had persistently wooed her. On returning from the wedding, amongst congratulatory letters and telegrams, she found the letter from her lover in South Africa.

A sad case was that of the solicitor Caswell, who committed suicide an hour before receiving a cablegram which would have satisfied his worst fears.

Heavily pressed for debt, he either sold or mortgaged all his property—except some shares in Australian gold mines, in the value of which he had great faith. Misfortune however, still pursued him, especially pressing being a money-lender into whose clutches he had fallen, and who knew of the existence of Caswell's shares.

Then came a rumour from Australia that the Mining Company had gone broke. In a frenzy of despair, he wired for confirmation of the news. Too impatient to wait, and, fearing the worst, his mind gave way under the strain, and when the messenger boy brought the cablegram proving the rumour to be incorrect, he found the solicitor's dead body on the floor.

Principally upon circumstantial evidence, a few years ago, a man was hanged, in spite of his plea of innocence and his endeavours to prove an *alibi* at the time the crime was supposed to have been committed.

Then, the day following the execution, the chief inspector of police received a letter addressed to him, which had been found upon the mantelpiece of a room recently occupied by a man in the house of a woman who took in lodgers. The letter, which had on it the injunction, "This will save a man's life," was a full confession by the doer of the crime, for which the innocent man had paid the penalty.

Had the inspector received the letter soon after the lodger had left, which was the murderer's intention, a miscarriage of justice would not have occurred; but it was not till a prospective lodger was inspecting the room that the letter was found.

Young John Mann was madly infatuated with a pretty girl, but she was in no hurry for matrimony. Being in good circumstances, he wrote to the girl telling her she must accept him as a husband by such a time or not at all. Carefully thinking the matter over, she let it till the last stipulated day before dispatching a letter accepting him and making arrangements for an early marriage.

In vain she waited for the expected answer; but the letter had been delayed in the post, and did not reach his home till a few days after her lover had left for America, leaving no address behind him.

SCALES ON THE WATER.

WHEN the sardine fisher sees a quantity of scales on the surface of the water, he smiles complacently and draws up his net, for he knows that this is a sign of a good catch. It may yield as many as 6,000 fish, and they fetch from 8s. to 10s. per 1,000, according to the supply.

When taken ashore, the sardines are cleaned and sorted into sizes; in another part of the tinning and packing establishment they are pickled, and then they are laid out on wire netting, called a grill. They are now dried by means of immense fans driven by machinery, after which, still on the grill, they are cooked in oil. The last process in the preparation of the sardine for the consumer is that of laying them neatly in the tins with a sufficient quantity of olive oil. The tins are soldered, and then packed in cases holding 1,000, ready for the market.

The sardine gives a little squeak when it is dragged from the water, but it expires almost immediately.

At the present day a ton of diamonds is worth about £70,000,000. The information is furnished to prevent the public being overcharged.

TURNED BACK.

It occasionally happens that when the health of a London detective has run down through arduous work, he is sent into the country to work at "Turning Back," instead of being placed on the sick list. He is not ill enough to lay up, and some light occupation in the country does him more good than idleness.

"Turning Back" consists in this: The detective goes to a town where a race meeting is to be held, or some other gathering likely to attract London bad characters. When the detectives—for there are often two or three on this duty—see a "wrong 'un," they give him a hint that it would be far more beneficial to his complexion to go back to the atmosphere of the metropolis. The individual thus turned back does not appreciate the attentions of the detectives and would prefer to stay, even at the risk of his complexion, but if he objects he is most probably arrested as a suspicious person.

Sometimes the pickpocket, or other evil-doer is able to give the detectives the slip, but the turners back do a great deal to keep the race meetings select.

It was rather an odd duel to the death, that of the two French doctors. They agreed to postpone the event until both were ill at the same time, and then prescribe for each other.

34,000 WORMS PER ACRE.

NATURALISTS estimate the number of worms in each acre of earth to be 34,000, and they maintain that it is almost impossible to calculate the amount of good done by these creatures.

After reading all that they have to tell us on the subject of earth worms, one feels inclined to blame the proverbial early bird for its onslaught.

The channels burrowed by the worms under the surface are very useful to many plants, which insert their roots in them and so find their task rendered more easy.

Worms pass their own weight of soil through their bodies in less than a week, and this soil is made more fine and productive by the process.

Taking one acre of land, therefore, we find that thirty-seven pounds of soil is thus increased in value in one day; this sub-soil is more fertile and consequently more useful to man. The labour of these underground workers is incessant, and if we give a thought to the facts above set forth, we shall entertain a more kindly feeling towards the earth worm the next time we see one.

A BOY is never so happy as when the family is moving and he can walk through the streets to his new house wearing a chair on his head. That is the only way most boys can sit on a chair.

A FOOT OF NINE INCHES.

THE celebrated artist, Albrecht Durer, gave it as being in strict accordance with the law of proportions that a woman's foot should be about one-seventh the length of her body, or, to be exact, as fourteen to one hundred.

Our lady readers may find some amusement in measuring their pedal extremities, and comparing the length with their total height as stated by Durer. Taking the average height of a woman to be sixty-three inches, her foot should measure nine inches from heel to toe.

In connection with the size of the feminine foot, observation will show that domestic servants, and wives who do their own housework, have smaller feet than their sisters who are not called upon to perform similar duties. Among the upper classes, and also more generally among the girls of the rising generation, the feet are larger.

WHY ELOPEMENTS HAVE GONE OUT OF FASHION.

Cycling and Athletics the Cause.

NOWADAYS elopements seldom occur, and when they do they attract a vast amount of attention, even if the parties concerned move in a humble station of life.

At the first blush it seems extraordinary that in spite of the great increase of the population, elopements have become fewer and fewer. Lads and lasses still love one another as before, and the stern, unrelenting parent is by no means an uncommon type in modern life. It is certainly much easier and cheaper for a couple to contract a runaway match now than formerly. London, for instance, is so vast that it is the simplest thing in the world for a young couple to get married before the registrar of some district where they are not known without a soul being aware of it beside themselves, the registrar, and the witnesses, who are usually clerks or attendants.

In days gone by a proceeding like this would have been a costly one, when coach fares, inn charges and the official fees were taken into consideration.

Mr. Jingle, whom we may take it for granted knew how to conduct an affair of this kind economically, found it necessary to borrow £10 from Mr. Tupman in order to elope with the spinster aunt, and he only had to journey from the neighbourhood of Rochester to London.

Why, then, have elopements gone out of fashion? The explanation is simpler than the reader perhaps imagines. The first and most important reason is the better conditions of life which women of to-day enjoys compared with their mothers and grandmothers.

Until quite recently, women of the upper and middle classes passed their lives either in unhealthy pastimes or almost complete idleness.

Their education consisted of being able to read and write and embroider. It was considered unladylike to be strong and healthy, like the modern girl; and even when they were children, girls were never allowed to play and romp with their brothers.

There was a complete absence of healthy light literature, such as is published to-day, and, consequently, the ordinary girl had nothing to read but sickly sentimental romances, in which the heroine almost invariably returns the love of some worthless fellow, and leaves a palace to live in a hovel for "his sake."

When we remember these facts does it seem surprising that a girl of spirit should rebel against the dull monotony of her surroundings, and elope with the first man who was bold enough to propose such a proceeding to her; probably more as a protest against boredom than anything else?

In the days of our grandparents the sexes never met on terms of equality and comradeship as young people do now. Young ladies hardly ever met their social equals of the male sex, except at routs and balls, where the strictest formality prevailed. Hence unscrupulous music masters and handsome footmen often played havoc with their mistresses' hearts, and elopements followed as a matter of course.

The bicycle, although it promotes courtship has greatly discouraged runaway matches! The reason is that the cycling girl meets men first of all on terms of friendship, which grows and gradually develops into love in proportion as the mutual good qualities of the couple are revealed to each other. You rarely, if ever, find that cycling girls form hasty, not to speak of runaway, matches.

Parents too, are far more sensible than they used to be. The craze for securing rich sons-in-law is dying out, and very few men of means object to a decent and persevering young fellow paying his addresses to their daughter, providing the affection is reciprocal. They argue with wisdom that poverty in the outset is no very great drawback to a man's career, providing he possesses integrity and intelligence. This in itself is a powerful reason for rendering elopements comparatively uncommon.

The fact that girls go into business along with their fathers and brothers gives them a real insight into men's characters, and makes them cautious and sensible. Hence they are less likely to rush hastily into matrimony or elope than the inexperienced, sentimental girls of a few generations ago.

Come, Tell us that Story!

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give contributors fair return for contributing them. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a microscope or pencil-case, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. The sender of the best story published during August is Mr. G. W. Dawson, Howley Park Colliery, Batley, to whom has been sent a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," Pearson's Weekly, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The prettiest set of children's photos ever published appears in the new ROYAL MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

MOUNTAINS BY THE SEA.

Why does it so often happen that the Highest Mountain Ranges are Near to the Margins of Continents? (5657.)

There are two probable reasons for this. According to Sir Charles Lyell, the access of water to the interior of the earth's crust is the chief cause of volcanic eruptions. Water is, of course, more abundant near the margins of continents than in the interior, but not only because of the proximity of the ocean, but also on account of the heavier rainfall. Hence we find that the principal lines of volcanic energy are near the sea. Now, it is a recognised fact that regions occupied by volcanoes are undergoing upheaval, and therefore some of the greatest mountain chains are near the margins of continents. One of the best examples of this principle is furnished by the western coast of South America, which is slowly rising, and it is overlung by the lofty chain of the Andes, whose highest summits are active volcanoes.

There is another cause which tends to produce a similar result. Lofty mountain ranges give rise to rapid rivers carrying down great quantities of mud and sand, which are deposited at lower levels. The filling up of this sediment causes a gradual sinking of that portion of the crust which underlies it, and in process of time submergence takes place, the sea encroaching on the land and drawing nearer to the chain. Then, also, the mountain range itself, having lost so much of its material, presses less heavily upon the heated interior, and goes on rising, its elevation frequently exceeding its losses by rain and rivers.

NATIONS WHO "SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE."

Which is the Best Example in International Disputes of "Splitting the Difference"? (5656.)

One most remarkable instance was the peace concluded in 1558 between France and Spain. After eight years of war it was agreed that the conquests made by each country during the course of the conflict should be restored; that the Duke of Savoy—about whose affairs the dispute had largely arisen—should be replaced in his original position as a reigning sovereign, and should marry the French King's sister, and that a council should be assembled to extinguish heresy in both kingdoms.

There was similar give and take in the Treaty of 1763, by which England received Canada, and certain West Indian Islands, and restored to the Bourbons all the other territories which had been wrested from them. In more modern times the result of the Venezuelan arbitration, which settled upon a boundary line almost exactly midway betwixt the extreme claims of each side, is a remarkable instance of "splitting the difference" in such disputes.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENTARY REWARD.

Who was the First British General who Received the Thanks of Parliament for his Exploits in the Field? (5655.)

In early days the successful soldier naturally received his honours from the Sovereign, who was usually Commander-in-Chief, and it was not until the Civil War divided the power of Parliament from that of the King that a general was formally thanked by Parliamentary vote. The first instance was that of the Earl of Essex, who, after the battle of Newbury, was thanked by Parliament, and afterwards given a pension of £10,000 a year.

The next case was that of Blake, ten years later. After his victory at Santa Cruz, the Commons presented him with a letter of thanks and a diamond ring worth five hundred guineas. The first Parliamentary reward to a general made under a king, was a grant of £120,000 to the Duke of York for defeating Van Tromp.

THE BEST PAID MANAGERS.

In which Branches of Trade are the Managers Best Paid? (5691.)

Railway managers have bigger salaries than any other men occupying similar business positions. Exactly what they receive is a matter between the directors and themselves, but it may be taken that most of those who control the larger railway systems are paid from two to five thousand pounds yearly—and this is not too much considering the strain to which they are subjected. Brewery managers are also frequently in receipt of salaries almost equal to this, particularly where they are themselves experts in brewing, as distinguished from the commercial side of the trade.

Electrical engineers, competent to act also as managers, are also paid high salaries at present for somewhat similar reasons. The managers of some steamship lines are in receipt of exceptional remuneration, but in their case it is due often to the way in which commission agreements, made years ago, have worked out in their favour, and present day arrangements for ship management are by no means so remunerative.

EARS AND EYES.

Why is it that when a Violent Noise is Made Close to a Person's Ear it Makes him Wink his Eyes? (5692.)

This is a curious instance of automatic action of the nerves and brain. Man knows by experience that a loud noise is the product of some kind of force which is often dangerous to himself. It may mean an explosion, a blow, or an approaching missile; and the instinct which results from the accumulated experience of generations, not to mention the warning events of his own life, bid him avoid these things. Hence the nerves of hearing telegraph the news to the brain, which flashes it over the body, and, probably, not only do the eyes wink, but the muscles shrink and cringe, and a cry is uttered.

The singular thing is that, even when the noise is expected, and is perfectly well known to be harmless, many people are quite unable to avoid these signs of terror, and even the most self-controlled will hardly be able to prevent a wink. Evidently the brain performs this action more swiftly than its intellectual functions, and issues its warning before it realises the nature of the noise. That unremitting watchfulness can teach it to discriminate is proved by the fact that soldiers shaming deafness have allowed pistols to be fired close to their ears without moving an eyelid.

THE CLICK OF THE BALLS.

Why Does a Billiard Ball Click when it Hits Another Ball? (5693.)

This is due to the high degree of elasticity possessed by ivory. Experiment shows that a billiard ball let fall on a plate glass surface will rebound to nine-tenths of the height from which it has been let fall. Its "coefficient" of elasticity is therefore 0.9, and the vibrations set up when two billiard balls hit one another are consequently exceedingly rapid. They are, however, almost instantaneously damped owing to the fact that they are resting on cloth, and hence, instead of hearing a musical note, we only hear a click, the vibrations being damped in probably the thousandth part of a second. Short though this time may be the vibrations caused by the impact may have completed several periods in it. It can be proved mathematically that the smaller the ball the more rapid the vibration and hence the sharper the click.

OUR BEST INTERNATIONAL DEAL.

What is the most Business-like Deal Made by this Country in Recent Years? (5694.)

The best stroke of business, considered as a purely financial contract, that this country ever brought off, was undoubtedly that by which Disraeli obtained for this country the practical control of the Suez Canal. Not only has the £4,000,000 then invested paid dividends up to 20 per cent., but it was the first of a series of financial, political, and military operations which have raised Egypt from bankruptcy and slavery to prosperity and freedom.

Diplomatically, perhaps our best stroke of business

was the exchange of the Island of Heligoland for the German rights over what is now British East Africa. The fast-dwindling little island was absolutely useless to us, either as a coaling station or for fortification. It was profitless in peace time, and it could only be a source of danger in war time, and its cession did much to conciliate German sentiment. On the other hand, our East African territories are growing every day in wealth, population, and importance, and already form no inconsiderable province of the great British African Empire, which will one day extend from Alexandria to Cape Town.

LIQUID AIR AS MOTOR POWER.

Is Liquefied Air Likely to Become the Mode of Propulsion for the Velocipedes of the Future? (5695.)

When it is produced—as it is produced probable it soon will be—at a price approaching the cost of oil or electricity, there is every reason to believe that it will supersede both these as a source of power for driving cycles of all descriptions. Its lightness and portability are great advantages, whilst the fact that it requires no fire (the ordinary heat of the outer atmosphere sufficing to "boil" it) should enable liquid air motors to supersede any others at present known.

Its outstanding drawback, meantime, seems to be that, as by freezing it renders almost all the commoner metals as brittle as glass, the containers carrying it upon velocipedes would be liable to breakage in passing over rough roads unless made of gold, or some other precious metal, which the intense cold makes pliable instead of brittle. This difficulty, however, may be surmounted if aluminium continues to be cheapened as it has been lately, or the liquid air "boilers" may even be made of some preparation of paper, which is not affected by great cold as metals are.

SELF-MADE ROYALTIES.

Which of our Kings Most Deserves to be Styled a Self-Made Man? (5696.)

It would be difficult to decide whether William I. or William III. has best earned such a title. Both started under enormous difficulties. The first William began with the bar sinister on his name; his boyhood was passed in obscurity, and yet he utilised his retirement in preparing himself for the destiny he was determined to achieve. By his own unaided force he overcame, not only the disadvantages of birth, but all the intrigues and open opposition of the powerful rivals who sought to rob him of his inheritance. By pure personal force he won his way to the first place in Normandy, and by the same means he achieved the conquest of England.

The third William was born fatherless, and was soon left an orphan. Yet he, too, even as a boy, baffled the subtlest intrigues, and by twenty-three had won a European fame, purely by his own talent and industry. His success as King of England was due to exactly the same qualities, and both in this country and as the chief opponent of the great Louis abroad, he conquered, almost without assistance, difficulties which would have overwhelmed any less self-reliant man.

THE YEAR OF WONDERS—'48.

What Event in the Nineteenth Century has Contributed Most to the Extension of Human Liberty? (5698.)

The French Revolution of 1848, when Louis Philippe was expelled from France and the Second Republic established. The revolutionary spirit spread throughout the greater part of Europe. In Italy, not only were constitutional reforms forced upon the governments, but Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, led an attack upon Austrian despotism in Lombardy and Venice.

In Germany, a parliament met at Frankfurt, which took a further step towards the confederation of Germany, whilst revolutions at Berlin and Vienna caused the adoption of constitutional systems of Prussia and Austria. The King of the Belgians with difficulty staved off a revolution by his conciliatory and liberal policy. Russia and England were almost the only European States which were not seriously affected by the revolutionary temper—the former, on account of the dense ignorance of the people, the latter, because its revolutions had long since been anticipated.

QUESTIONS.

5721. Do any animals eat their own horns?
5722. Do two persons see the same rainbow?
5723. In which country is Parliamentary life least desirable?
5724. Which of our possessions is of the least use to us?
5725. Which of the Great Powers has the most complicated system of Government?
5726. A good violin, for no apparent reasons, will sometimes temporarily depreciate in tone—get out of sorts, as it were. How can this be explained?
5727. Can the Sovereigns of these Kingdoms preside in Courts of Justice?
5728. In which country do rich men derive the least advantage from their wealth?
5729. Which animal is of the least use to mankind?
5730. Which are the earliest Articles of War for the government of an English fleet?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is due. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MAMMA: "Fighting again? Why, a good little boy wouldn't hurt a hair of another boy's head."
Johnny: "Well, I didn't! I just punched his nose."

THE AMATEUR GARDENER: "My garden is getting awfully dry."
The Humourist: "How do you expect it to hold water when you planted leaks in it?"

CIRCUS MANAGER: "What's all that row in the dressing-room?"
Attendant: "Oh, the man who walks barefoot on swords ran a splinter in his foot."

OFFICE BOY: "Somebody at the telephone, sir. Says you're to meet her, or something like that."
Gaybird: "Meet her? Why, of course. Probably that pretty telephone girl." (Goes to telephone):
"What is it, dear?"

Voice at Telephone: "I'm to tell you that your meter will be turned off to-day unless you pay your gas bill."
Scene. Office boy discharged.

EVERY READER A WRITER.

If you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "IDEA."

If the note which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea.

If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.



Ladies attend! If you want to learn how to lift your skirts with grace, buy the new ROYAL MAGAZINE.

UNLIMITED CLOTHES



Also how I get my Cigars, Wines,
and Horses for Nothing.

My income is exactly £98 a year, and I mix with the very smartest society! Fortunately I do not have to work for this sum, which was left me by a wealthy relative; and fortunately also Nature has blessed me with a handsome face and a fine figure—at least, people say so.

Given these things, I have found the rest comparatively easy. I went to a fashionable tailor who wished to increase his business, and frankly made a proposal to him.

For six months, I asked, he should supply me with everything I wished and keep an account of the various items. If at the end of that time his clientele had not materially increased I would pay off his account, but if I gained new customers for him in sufficient numbers he should cancel the debt.

After some consideration he agreed to my proposal, and henceforward I have been a smartly-dressed man. From a Society point of view my career had not much help to give me, for I had never been in the Army; never engaged in politics, or done any other "smart" thing. On the other hand, my family was fairly well connected, and I had personally never been in employment of any kind or engaged in trade. So that my past life neither helped nor hindered me.

At the first opportunity I scraped acquaintance with a younger son of an impecunious earl, and through him I got my first invitations to swell houses. That was all I needed, for I made it my business to be so agreeable and yet so dignified and noble-looking that when I was once asked to a place I should always be asked again. So much for my introduction into Society, and now for the business side of the matter.

My clothes were, of course, of the very best material and cut in the very latest style, and I soon became known as a well and tastefully-dressed person. But the difficulty was to introduce my swell acquaintances to my tailor. After a bit I solved it. In smoking-rooms and other places where men of the Upper Ten do congregate, minute points of dress are frequently discussed. I waited my chance, and when the conversation had turned into the right channel I lost no opportunity to inveigh against tailors in general. Then came the invariable question:

"By the way, old chap, whom do you patronise now?" And my answer, given in the most indifferent, off-hand way:

"Oh, that place half-way down Bond Street; Blank's the name."

I knew quite well that I was copied in regard to my clothes, and that each time I told who my tailor was, Mr. Blank was adding at least one new customer to his list.

Mr. Blank was becoming more and more cordial to me every time I entered his shop, and at the end of the six months when I asked whether I should have to pay my account or whether he would cancel it, he said: "I shall cancel it with the greatest pleasure; and, if you will agree, I shall be happy to supply you under the same conditions until one of us wishes otherwise." That was five years ago; I am still as well-dressed as ever, and still as cheaply. And remember, it is all a strictly private matter between Mr. Blank and myself, and no one else suspects such an arrangement.

But there are other things that the Society man needs besides clothes, and £98 a year minus expense of merely living, is not sufficient to obtain them. A couple of years ago I saw an advertisement in a Society paper, wanting a gentleman of good position to covertly push So-and-so's whisky among his friends. I applied for the position, and, by detailing my success in the clothes business and obtaining Mr. Blank's corroboration of my statement, I managed to get this new picking. This time I was to be rewarded by hard cash; since then I have netted about £100 a year from this source. The pushing part of the business is left pretty much to my honour, but I may truthfully say that I have well earned my salary.

With this addition to my income I have been enabled to become still more swell, and now I am copied in more things than merely clothes. Observing this fact, I succeeded in making an arrangement with a fashionable bootmaker similar to that made with my tailor. Last winter I managed to make fashionable a new style of gaiter which he had invented. He was sole patentee, and on this one article, through my help, he made in a few months some £500, one-fifth of which he was kind enough to present to me as a sort of bonus.

My writing-paper is supplied to me gratis by an enterprising stationer; my cigars and cigarettes likewise cost me nothing. I have had lessons in fencing, boxing, and riding without paying. I can dine at a certain crack restaurant when I am so minded, and I pay nothing. A riding horse, trap, or carriage is always at my disposal, being supplied free by a certain pushing and would-be fashionable hiring establishment. And all these things I obtain on practically the same principle.

HAD I BUT KNOWN!

When she looked eyes of love at me
And seemed so much at ease—so free—
So wrapped in all I said and did
And seemed to do what'er I bid—
Had I but known!

Had I but known!
When she my favourite rose would wear
To please but me, this angel fair,
And longed so hard my love to share.
I would have wooed her then and there,
Had I but known!

Had I but known!
That her old gouty dad
A million golden sovereigns had
I now would feel so happy—glad,
And wouldn't feel so very sad,
Had I but known!

WANTED—MEN WITH CURLY HAIR.

They Act as a Good Advertisement to the Hairdresser.

"We like our assistants to have curly heads," said a hairdresser the other day.

"Our artistic hairdresser, who confines himself to the ladies' department", has a wonderful head of natural wavy hair, and is a splendid advertisement in himself. He is very clever in arranging stylish head dresses, a favourite of the ladies, understanding their wants and rarely failing to please the most exacting Society dame. His hair is permitted to grow close to the ears and an abundance of curls droop behind the neck. He wears a turn-down collar, very wide, with deep points, and has a very picturesque appearance. Possessed of a handsome face, it is the mat of curls which forms his chief charm. Neither wash nor oil is used; he employs a hair tonic of his own preparation which he keeps secret.

"Oh, yes, all our assistants have curly locks, as you see; but artificial means are used in many cases. We have no bald men, otherwise we should not have so ready a sale for our lotions, pomades, and restorers. We retain the services of one man—who, however, is bald as a billiard ball—because of his many excellent qualities. Grey and bare he has grown in our service, but a more easy shaver it would be difficult to find. He carries age well and looks younger than many men five years his junior. There he is attending to the gentleman in the far chair. Not bald? Ah, but that crown of light brown hair is a wig, and his moustache is dyed to match.

"We consider a hairdresser without a moustache devoid of a special feature, unless his face is of that professional type which carries better cleanly shaven. A thin moustache we do not for a moment tolerate. No matter how plain the face it must be shaved off; we require a genuine ornament and not an apology for one. You will observe that all, save one, of our hairdressers wear carefully trimmed and curly moustaches. They curl them many times daily, and are encouraged to do so. The one exception does not need a moustache, his features being of the classical type referred to; his jet black hair of unusual thickness and crisp curliness is sufficient in itself.

"Beards do not enter here. Fancy permitting our men to grow beards when it is their duty to shave them off! The two things wouldn't work together. It is a hairdresser's duty to appear well-groomed, to show his trade in fact. Bear in mind, however, that no matter how beautiful the hair, or whatever the contour of the moustache, it must be no excuse for slovenly work or incompetency."

GENTLEMAN (holding a revolver in his hand, addresses a trembling burglar): "What do you want?"
Burglar (taking in the situation): "Time to get out!"

BIGGS: "I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?"
DIGGS: "I don't know—unless it's because they are in a weak place."

BOBBS: "Do you believe that extremes ever really meet?"
DOBBS: "Certainly. Take the speed of a telegram and the absence of speed in the boy who delivers it, for example."

THERE is an advantage in having your picture taken by an amateur photographer. The portrait will answer just as well for your brother or your Aunt Sarah in the country.

CITIES WHERE SMOKERS TAKE A BACK SEAT.

Where others Smoke in Church, and Pipes are Luxury Unknown.

It is highly probable that when the London County Council get their new tramcars, an innovation will be introduced in the form of a regulation restricting smokers to the back seats "outside." It has even been suggested by the chairman of the Highways Committee that a barrier may be placed on the top of the cars, so that ladies may, with convenience, ride in front.

It might be remarked that a somewhat similar experiment was tried in Munich, Germany, a couple of years ago. There, complaints against smokers being allowed on all outside seats became so numerous that the municipality took the matter in hand, and a "back seat" regulation was adopted.

But it only remained in force about two months. For the humorous German people who had uttered the first complaint now issued another to the effect that, unless the municipal authorities could control the wind the regulation was ineffectual. It seems that when half-a-dozen good stout German smokers sat on the back seats of a tram, and the wind was blowing forward, the effect was even worse than it had been before when they were more distributed. So the act was immediately done away with.

But in New York the back seat regulation seems to have acted to the comfort of everybody concerned for many years past. Only there the conditions are different.

In New York there are no trams with seats on top; but, as against closed cars with stoves inside in the winter, during the summer months the cars are open—that is, without sides. They are smaller than London tramcars, and the seats, the backs of which are reversible, run crosswise, as in an ordinary railway compartment, and are entered from the side. There are about ten benches, and only on the last four may our Yankee cousins discourse with the fragrant weed. But these four benches will accommodate from twenty to twenty-four smokers, so, all things considered, they are not very badly off. During the winter months, though, unless they are willing to remain standing on the rear platform, their smokes must go out.

Washington has a very good system for smokers. There, winter and summer, two cars are always run together. The rear car in the winter is a closed one, and in the summer an open one; but the front car, in which the levers to work the underground cable are situated, is always an open one, and here people venturesome enough to brave the elements may smoke in peace all the year round. The city of Hanover, in Germany, beats this even, for there there is a line of trams that carries a second car exclusively for smokers all the year round.

In travelling on the Continent it is curious to note the different accommodations for smokers in the different cities. In Paris the regulations are much the same as they are at present in London, but if one goes further south to Marseilles he finds no seats on the tops of trams, and smoking only allowed standing up on the outside platforms. In Berlin though, where smoking is also restricted to the outside platforms, a bench is provided both in the front and in the back of cars, each of which will accommodate five smokers. In Belgium this is also the case in some cities.

In Havre, in Stockholm, Sweden, and in Christiania, Norway—in all three of which cities open cars similar to those in New York are run during the summer months, smoking is allowed on all the seats. But in the winter only the two or three passengers who can with convenience stand on the rear platform may indulge.

One expects when one goes to Spain and Portugal, however, to find things radically different. But this is not the case, for there almost the same regulations apply. Another disappointment one experiences when travelling in these countries is to find, all that has been written about it notwithstanding, that one might lose one's eyesight looking for a woman who smoked in the public streets. It is as rare to see a woman smoking in the streets of Madrid or Lisbon as it is in London, and when one mentions this fact to the natives they immediately become sensitive.

Perhaps the ideal places for smokers are Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, and other Central and South American States. Here one smokes anywhere, at any time, in open or closed cars, and even in some of the churches. If by any chance a lady gets into one of these cars who objects to the smoke, and she makes herself understood, in seven cases out of ten out would go all the cigars. But so injured have they become to it, that it is hardly on record that a lady has ever objected.

To Englishmen it would be curious to see with what surprise the people of these countries regard a pipe. As they are the great tobacco growers they smoke only cigars, and cigarettes which they mostly roll for themselves; but pipes are almost unknown in their countries. It is also curious that cut tobacco for the pipe is an almost unknown quantity among them, and when it can be obtained, the price is so steep, that a pipe-smoker becomes a very expensive luxury.

Strange to say, in such Japanese cities as have trams one can also smoke anywhere, whether the trams be open or closed.

Want to laugh? Get the ROYAL.

Want to cry? Get the ROYAL. Want to learn? Get the ROYAL MAGAZINE.



THERE are people to whom certain months are particularly unlucky, and the approach of these periods is always looked forward to by them with great apprehension, not unmixed with superstitious awe. One man dreaded the approach of December because the advent of that month was generally the harbinger of misfortune of some kind. Twice in that fatal month he had lost his situation through no fault of his own, and thrice he had been laid up with influenza of a malignant type.

Numberless times, too, he had been sufficiently indisposed to be unable to enjoy the usual festivities of the season. In vain his friends pointed out that his troubles all coming in December was merely a coincidence. A coincidence could not be maintained so consistently, he argued, and despite all our efforts to eradicate the impression that December was an unlucky month for him, he still persisted in his belief, with good justification we had to admit to ourselves.

Another man had gloomy forebodings when the summer holidays were at hand. Misfortune, great or small, generally overtook him either before he set out for his holidays, or while he was actually enjoying them.

One year he got his purse, containing the bulk of his money, taken from him while waiting his turn at the booking-office, and a porter went over his foot with a barrow, heavily laden with luggage, just after he had COME OFF THE TRAIN.

Another time he was having a bathe near to where some boys were amusing themselves by throwing stones into the water, when either by accident, or design, he was struck by one above the eye, and had perforce to spend three days out of his precious fortnight's holidays in the house doctoring his injured forehead. The cut has left a mark that he is likely to carry about with him to the end of his days.

On another occasion he was having a quiet stroll through the harbour, which was generally quite deserted at this time and place, when he happened to alarm two men, who were evidently after some nefarious purpose on board a vessel there, with the result that he was mistaken for some one belonging to the boat, and was set upon by the two men and severely mauled.

The removal term is a portentous time for another man, and at its approach he resigns himself to fate, and devoutly hopes that he will be left off mercifully. The horse attached to the lorry that was removing his furniture one year took fright when going under a railway bridge over which a train was passing at the time, and made a sudden plunge forward, thereby displacing three chairs that had been placed in rather a precarious position. As the chairs fell, the leg of one struck the glass door of a wardrobe, breaking it to pieces.

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and, in addition, he had all the trouble of the removal himself. Once, too, he stumbled while carrying up a large fern case, and got it shivered to atoms. The worst of the business was that he had insisted on carrying up the case himself to insure its safety! Truly, he is a veritable Jonah at a removal.

There is another man again, who stands in awe of the summer holiday time. He tells you with a shudder, about the first accident that befell him then. He was standing at the pier head fishing, when a huge Newfoundland brushed past him, and jumped into the water after a biscuit that had been thrown in. Whether the dog had startled him from his reverie and thereby caused him to lose his somewhat insecure footing, or whether it had upset him by coming against him he cannot say; but at any rate, he was precipitated into the water, and being but a poor swimmer would more than likely have been drowned had a life-buoy not been promptly thrown to him, thus enabling him to keep afloat till one of the numerous pleasure boats around picked him up.

Another time, shortly after he had left his rooms, his alleged brother called to see him and was courteously asked by the landlady to come in and wait his return.

His "brother" came in, but, after waiting awhile, he told the landlady that he would require to go as he had a train to catch, and had barely time to get it. When our friend returned he found that his mythical brother had not been content to take his departure alone, but had also taken a pair of gold sleeve-links, two sovereigns that had been hidden at the bottom of our friend's box, and a meerschaum pipe!

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that she had let the room to "another gentleman, who was giving her a much better price for it," and it was only after a good deal of hunting about, and when he had agreed to pay about double the sum he wished, that he managed to secure a suitable room. The very first day he was out bathing there he dropped a sovereign from his pockets either when taking off, or putting on his clothes. Of course, when he missed it he went back to where he had lost it but; whoever recovered a sovereign lying where it had been dropped!

Another man dreads the spring. The poet has said that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of love," but this particular young man is an exception to the rule.

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Later on, however, after they had become engaged, there was a quarrel which resulted in a final separation, and to make matters even more aggravating, the young fellow who had accepted the situation abroad had succeeded to the agency shortly after his appointment; his predecessor having died very suddenly.

WORM AND ANT FACTORIES.

There's Money in Breeding the Insects as Food for Pheasants and Bait for Fish.

SPORT in all parts of the world furnishes employment for vast numbers of people, not the least remunerative being that of insect breeder. Before pheasant shooting commences in France, an insect breeder is to be found in the neighbourhood of all large preserves. Pheasants are so passionately fond of ants, and prices are so good, that an industrious purveyor of these insects reckons he has had a bad season if he does not clear in the three months he is at work nearly £100.

Were the trade in ants to be introduced in this country, the breeding would have to be carried on in perfectly isolated buildings, owing to the ferocity of the artificial variety. So ingrained is the love of warfare that the ant manufacturers of France have to encase their bodies in buff leather to protect themselves from the ceaseless attacks of their ungrateful pupils. Apart from their warlike instincts, ants, if we are to believe all that is said of them, are tractable enough. A well-fed ant, it is averred, can lay eggs at will, the average production being ten times greater in captivity than in a wild state.

Considering that every pheasant sent to market in this country costs a guinea, it is surprising that gamekeepers do not breed ants. All that is necessary is to place a number in a room filled with an iron stove, which must be kept red hot. The little creatures must be allowed to make their nests how and where they please, as they tolerate no interference in the construction of their homes. It is the eggs the pheasants are so fond of. A young bird regaled on these will fatten in an incredibly short space of time, and at a cost of less than two-thirds of what it now costs to bring them into good condition.

Anglers abroad are as well catered for as breeders of pheasants. The breeding of "gentles" may be a most lucrative calling, but it most certainly is not a clean or attractive one. For all this the gentle breeders do not complain, possibly because no capital is required to start in the trade.

All that the breeder of gentles requires is a good supply of defunct domestic animals and an old loft or pit to store them in till they are in a state of putrescence.

The most profitable of all the Continental insect breeding trades is that of the "worm grower."

These gentry breed worms for nightingales. As this is the most fashionable bird in France and Austria the owners, mostly rich ladies, pay fabulous prices for the favourite food of their pets.

"I don't believe in feeding tramps at the door," said Mrs. West. "You feed them once, and they are sure to come back."

"Well, I don't know. I always give them bread when they come to my door, and I can't say I ever knew a tramp to come a second time."

"Oh, well, Mrs. Yeast, you make your own bread, do you not?"

This was all that was said, and yet Mrs. Yeast went down the street like a straw hat on a windy day.

RACEHORSES THAT SUPPORT CHARITIES.

Flying Fox Gave £10,000 to one Hospital—Diamond Jubilee Sent a Big Cheque to Another.

GOOD sportsmen are proverbially generous, and race-horse owners the most generous of all. The late Duke of Westminster was unquestionably the originator of the idea of giving racing prize money to charitable institutions, and the practice immediately found favour, especially with those owners who wished to fight down the somewhat illogical objection to horse-racing.

He gave upwards of £80,000 of his winnings on the turf to charities, which is a much larger amount than one might think, because it represents actual prize-winnings, as the Duke never under any circumstances betted.

When Flying Fox won the Eclipse Stakes the Duke passed the entire prize of the magnificent sum of £10,000 over to a hospital at Rhyll, having previously arranged to do so in the event of Flying Fox winning, of which he had little doubt.

Probably no one had so many calls upon his purse from charity than the noble Duke, and nothing delighted him more as a sportsman and a philanthropist than to win a classic race and pass the prize over to some needy charity.

This soon became so well-known that he often received half-a-dozen appeals from different quarters for the prize of a certain race within a few days of his horses being entered, and it was a matter of no small difficulty to him to decide which of the applicant charities to benefit. The whole depth and breadth of the Duke's fine generosity will never be known, for many of his big gifts to charity were made anonymously, principally when he thought that a donation of money won by racing might wound the susceptibilities of someone concerned.

It is practically an unwritten law nowadays that when an Englishman wins the French Derby—the Grand Prix de Paris, it is called—a considerable part, if not the entirety, of the big prize should go to one or more of the charitable institutions in Paris. It was done on the occasion when for the first time an English horse—the Ranger—won the race, and the good example has been followed up to date.

The owner of Holcauste, which came over from France in 1899, but met with its death upon the course, fully intended to return the British kindness if his horse was successful, of which there was undoubtedly a big chance; and Holcauste had won a good deal of money for charities in its native country.

Probably the late Baron Hirsch gave away so large a percentage of the winnings of his horses that he did not pay his racing expenses, even in his most successful seasons, with the balance. It is a well-known fact that La Fleche raced almost entirely for charity; in its unusually brilliant career this horse captured approximately £35,000 in prizes, and it all went to charities in England, France, and Austria, the majority being Jewish charities; and with his other horses, none of which were, however, so successful as La Fleche, he stiffened the financial position of many a worthy cause in need of funds.

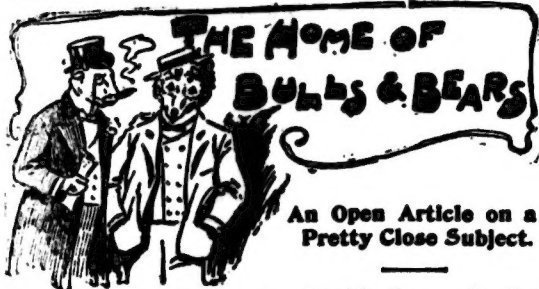
"Mr. Jersey," as Mrs. Langtry is called on the race cards, is said to have given away £5,000 of her horses' winnings last year, although she was not particularly lucky on the turf. There is good reason to believe that year in year out Mrs. Langtry's horses do not win as much as they cost, which makes the "Jersey Lily's" generosity the more remarkable.

The Duke of Portland is another well-known owner whose horses have done much in the cause of charity. For some considerable time after his marriage, he regularly handed over his horses' winnings, to the tune of thousands of pounds, to one hospital or another.

Although one does not hear much about the matter, the Duke of Devonshire's donations to charities reach an enormous sum annually, and at one time, when his Grace did more on the turf than now, his horses were responsible for no meagre part of the yearly total. Someone well acquainted with the Duke once remarked to the present writer, that the only time he had seen his Grace smile in a natural manner was when he received the big stakes in a race which one of his horses had won by the same post as an appeal to assist an orphanage; and he smiled as he passed the former to his private secretary as an answer to the latter.

Last year the King sent to an Epsom hospital a portion of the winnings of his horse, Diamond Jubilee, in the Derby, and when Persimmon won the "Blue Riband," he did a similar generous act on a larger scale in the case of an orphanage. Unlike the late Duke of Westminster, the King almost invariably backs his candidates for turf honours, and when he won, at least a small percentage of his winnings went to a charity fund he kept to be disbursed when and how he thought best. If this plan were followed by other notable sportsmen we should hear less about the immorality of betting and the poverty of our great charitable institutions.

Don't miss Baroness Orczy's latest "London Mystery." The most ingenious criminal story ever written.



FIRST comes the House. Stockbrokers call their institution 'Change for short. In France and Belgium it is called the Bourse, in Germany Borse, in Italy Borsa, and in Spain Bolsa.

Our London Stock Exchange came into existence towards the end of the eighteenth century. Long before that the stockbrokers and jobbers of the day used to meet in the Bank of England and in coffee houses adjacent to their present house, but from the time of Elizabeth they have met in the same district.

The present building was opened in 1854. The House has on its books nearly 5,000 members. It costs a member 500 guineas to join and thirty guineas a year subscription, and three members have to stand god-father for him.

The members are governed by a committee consisting of thirty men, who have the power to suspend or expel any member guilty of dishonourable or disgraceful conduct.

It is against the rules of the House for a member to do business with outside people, and where a flagrant breach of this regulation is committed the offending member is brought to book.

Outside brokers are gentlemen who deal in stocks and shares but who are not members of the House, and therefore under nobody's control. Of course, they have not the same standing as have inside brokers.

You may know an outside broker from a duly registered one by the fact that the latter is not allowed to advertise in any shape or form. It is only the outside brokers who announce what they are and describe themselves as ready to do business for you. Their offices are called "bucket-shops" by

THE INSIDE BROKERS.

Members of the Stock Exchange are either brokers or jobbers. A broker is one who transacts business as between members (jobbers) of the Exchange and the public, and obtains his commission from the clients who employ him. He buys and sells stocks and shares according to instructions he receives from his clients, or does so acting on his own initiative for the good of his clients.

A jobber is one who deals in stocks and shares on his own account, and holds, buys, or sells what is going just as he pleases.

A share is a unit of a number of shares issued and held by the public. Say you hold fifty shares of anything, these would, of course, represent fifty units or parts of the whole, but in talking about them with your broker you would call them stock (lumped together), and he would call them stock when trying to dispose of them for you on 'Change. Shares individually stand as shares, but when taken together they become stock.

Consols is short for Consolidated Annuities. In incurring the National Debt Government borrowed money at different periods from the country's pocket on special conditions, being generally the payment of an annuity of so much per cent. on the sum borrowed. Endless confusion arose from the variety of stocks so created, and an Act of Parliament was passed 150 years ago consolidating them into one fund. This is

KNOWN AS THE CONSOLS.

The rate of interest is low, but as Government security it is absolutely safe. It was Consols that really started the Stock Exchange business as we know that institution to-day. But with the forming of railways and joint stock companies (due to the Joint Stock Companies Act of 1862) Stock Exchange operations developed amazingly.

Capel Court holds the financial reins that govern the growth of foreign government debts, our own Indian and Colonial enterprises, municipal loans, gas, water, shipping, telegraph, tramway, and the thousand and one ordinary commercial undertakings, besides home, colonial, and foreign railways, and other securities.

You have often read of bulls and bears in connection with the Stock Exchange.

A bull is an operator who buys certain stock for settlement at a future date on the speculation of a rise in the interim. Say you buy £1,000 worth of a certain stock to-day. You will not pay cash when you buy. In the meantime your stock has gone up in price, you sell out at the advanced figure and make a nice haul.

But supposing your anticipations are not realised and your deal is a failure, then you become a bear. You sell out the moment you perceive that the price is falling so as to save yourself. Your next move is to buy your stock back again when it has fallen to its lowest price and hold it for a future market.

So a "bear" is one who sells out his stock with the intention of buying it back again when it touches what is called rock-bottom price.

Stockbrokers rarely, if ever, indeed, act independently in "bulls" and "bears." The operation is carried out

in groups, and it either makes or bankrupts you. That is how fortunes are made and lost perhaps in an hour.

It is quite a common thing for a member to realise a competence for life in a few minutes, and then perhaps in an hour or two afterwards to lose all again in addition to his own money, so sudden are the fluctuations on 'Change.

Combinations to resist the adverse effect of sales by speculators for a fall ("bears") are sometimes entered into in face of really adverse circumstances.

These combinations work against "bear" operations and buy up all the stock that is offered, and then call upon those who have sold what they do not possess to deliver it.

This is called a "corner," and if in the tussle the "bears" lose they are obliged to pay whatever amount the "corner" asks for the stock they have bought. As tens of thousands of pounds are frequently involved in these operations the changed aspect of affairs creates the wildest excitement on 'Change and often results in a panic.

The stock has been wrestled from the "bears," whose idea was to sell out and buy back again at a cheaper price, anticipations which failed to be realised. Had the combination failed then the "bears" would have bought back the stock at the cheaper rate and

CREATED A CORNER THEMSELVES.

In reading newspaper quotations it is well to know that the prices shown there have been given by the Exchange Telegraph Company, who are supplied by the House officials with the closing prices quoted for each day. This is recorded on the tape.

For price-quoting purposes it is a common practice to take a unit of 100 and make this the starting point, so that if you read in the first column the figures, say, 98 and in the next 65½, it would mean that the value of that particular stock had declined two per cent. on the previous day and had experienced a still more serious drop on the current day.

Whether the unit be 100 or 5 depends upon the kind of stock, but one can easily see whether there is a rise or a fall when comparing the figures.

An enormous amount of business is transacted between international exchanges by means of the telegraph. If some event occurs causing a sharp change in prices it may happen that the price of some special security is appreciably different on one Exchange from what it is on another.

Paris may quote a higher price than London in, say, Italian government funds, called Italian Rente. Dealers instantly send telegrams from the various markets of the world to London buying up what stock there is on the market, or the dealers will wire to their Paris agents ordering them to sell out in Paris.

Nearly all Stock Exchange transactions are purchases or sales for what is called the "settlement." Consols only are bought and sold for cash with an exception or two. The settlements for other business are periodical, monthly or fortnightly.

BLIND MEN'S DOGS.

Where and how they are Trained for their Life-Work.

WHERE do blind people obtain the wonderfully faithful dogs that lead them through our crowded streets with such sagacious care?

Many of these clever animals are supplied to the sightless by a dog fancier and breeder who has his kennels in a pretty little village close to the Sussex coast.

In addition to the puppies littered at his own place, this man has secured an option on most of the puppies bred in the countryside round his village.

As the dog which is destined to act in the place of a pair of eyes has no easy task before it, only the most intelligent puppies are chosen to be trained for the purpose. And as it is not every litter that contains a puppy with the necessary qualifications, the decision is often no easy one to make.

Having selected the little animal whose life-work it will be to lead the blind, the breeder leaves it with its mother until it is at least some four months old. Its playful babyhood at an end, the puppy begins to go to school, taking, as a first step, lessons in the art of walking in a straight line and at a steady pace. The schoolroom to begin with is the kennel-yard, later it is a country lane, and by-and-bye the village street.

It takes time for a lively young animal to learn that sudden dashes here and there must not be indulged in while someone has hold of a chain attached to its collar. But after about two months' constant daily practice, the lesson is driven home.

In the intervals of odd jobs he is employed to do by the village-folk, the blind man takes the dog in hand. He knows his way about the district quite as well, if not better, than most of its sighted inhabitants.

By making excursions in all directions, leaving the dog to do all the piloting home, the blind expert tests and develops its sense of locality. He furthermore accustoms it to traffic, and by kindly insistence impresses on it the necessity for not only withdrawing itself from danger but its charge as well.

After from four to five months' training the dog is ready to lead the blind. It is then perhaps some nine months old, and is kept in constant practice until a purchaser is found. The breeder who has had the dog trained does not advertise, but he is known to the officials of the various charitable organisations which assist the blind. When a blind man is anxious to get about and has no child who can lead him, a dog is ordered from the breeder, who receives between two and three pounds for each animal supplied.

Then a clever little doggie makes a long journey by rail, and after it has got to know its new master settles down without complaint to a life of quiet, faithful self-sacrifice as a dumb friend of the blind.

Where are the Cricketers?

1st Prize, £10; 2nd Prize, £5;
3rd to 19th, £1 each.



In this picture are the names of several well-known cricketers, each name being represented by some part of the picture. For example, Fry is indicated by the act of trying. See how many names you can find, and send your answer to "Cricketer," Room 30, Pearson's Building, Henrietta Street, not later than Tuesday, September 10th. Each object in the picture representing a name must be numbered, and the number placed against the solution. Write the names on half a sheet of notepaper, and pin it to this sketch.

The lion on the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE is purple this month. Don't forget!



The Summer Holidays Make Some Men Shiver, while Others Feel Warm when Christmas Draws Nigh.

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WORM AND ANT FACTORIES.

There's Money in Breeding the Insects as Food for Pheasants and Bait for Fish.

SPORT in all parts of the world furnishes employment for vast numbers of people, not the least remunerative being that of insect breeder. Before pheasant shooting commences in France, an insect breeder is to be found in the neighbourhood of all large preserves. Pheasants are so passionately fond of ants, and prices are so good, that an industrious purveyor of these insects reckons he has had a bad season if he does not clear in the three months he is at work nearly £100.

Were the trade in ants to be introduced in this country, the breeding would have to be carried on in perfectly isolated buildings, owing to the ferocity of the artificial variety. So ingrained is the love of warfare that the ant manufacturers of France have to encase their bodies in buff leather to protect themselves from the ceaseless attacks of their ungrateful pupils. Apart from their warlike instincts, ants, if we are to believe all that is said of them, are tractable enough. A well-fed ant, it is averred, can lay eggs at will, the average production being ten times greater in captivity than in a wild state.

Considering that every pheasant sent to market in this country costs a guinea, it is surprising that gamekeepers do not breed ants. All that is necessary is to place a number in a room filled with an iron stove, which must be kept red hot. The little creatures must be allowed to make their nests how and where they please, as they tolerate no interference in the construction of their homes. It is the eggs the pheasants are so fond of. A young bird reared on these will fatten in an incredibly short space of time, and at a cost of less than two-thirds of what it now costs to bring them into good condition.

Anglers abroad are as well catered for as breeders of pheasants. The breeding of "gentles" may be a most lucrative calling, but it most certainly is not a clean or attractive one. For all this the gentle breeders do not complain, possibly because no capital is required to start in the trade.

All that the breeder of gentles requires is a good supply of defunct domestic animals and an old loft or pit to store them in till they are in a state of putrescence.

The most profitable of all the Continental insect breeding trades is that of the "worm grower."

These gentry breed worms for nightingales. As this is the most fashionable bird in France and Austria the owners, mostly rich ladies, pay fabulous prices for the favourite food of their pets.

"I DON'T believe in feeding tramps at the door," said Mrs. West. "You feed them once, and they are sure to come back."

"Well, I don't know. I always give them bread when they come to my door, and I can't say I ever knew a tramp to come a second time."

"Oh, well, Mrs. Yeast, you make your own bread, do you not?"

This was all that was said, and yet Mrs. Yeast went down the street like a straw hat on a windy day.

RACEHORSES THAT SUPPORT CHARITIES.

Flying Fox Gave £10,000 to one Hospital—Diamond Jubilee Sent a Big Cheque to Another.

GOOD sportsmen are proverbially generous, and race-horse owners the most generous of all. The late Duke of Westminster was unquestionably the originator of the idea of giving racing prize money to charitable institutions, and the practice immediately found favour, especially with those owners who wished to fight down the somewhat illogical objection to horse-racing.

He gave upwards of £80,000 of his winnings on the turf to charities, which is a much larger amount than one might think, because it represents actual prize-winnings, as the Duke never under any circumstances betted.

When Flying Fox won the Eclipses Stakes the Duke passed the entire prize of the magnificent sum of £10,000 over to a hospital at Rhyll, having previously arranged to do so in the event of Flying Fox winning, of which he had little doubt.

Probably no one had so many calls upon his purse from charity than the noble Duke, and nothing delighted him more as a sportsman and a philanthropist than to win a classic race and pass the prize over to some needy charity.

This soon became so well-known that he often received half-a-dozen appeals from different quarters for the prize of a certain race within a few days of his horses being entered, and it was a matter of no small difficulty to him to decide which of the applicant charities to benefit. The whole depth and breadth of the Duke's fine generosity will never be known, for many of his big gifts to charity were made anonymously, principally when he thought that a donation of money won by racing might wound the susceptibilities of someone concerned.

It is practically an unwritten law nowadays that when an Englishman wins the French Derby—the Grand Prix de Paris, it is called—a considerable part, if not the entirety, of the big prize should go to one or more of the charitable institutions in Paris. It was done on the occasion when for the first time an English horse—the Ranger—won the race, and the good example has been followed up to date.

The owner of Holocauste, which came over from France in 1899, but met with its death upon the course, fully intended to return the British kindness if his horse was successful, of which there was undoubtedly a big chance; and Holocauste had won a good deal of money for charities in its native country.

Probably the late Baron Hirsch gave away so large a percentage of the winnings of his horses that he did not pay his racing expenses, even in his most successful seasons, with the balance. It is a well-known fact that La Fleche raced almost entirely for charity; in its unusually brilliant career this horse captured approximately £35,000 in prizes, and it all went to charities in England, France, and Austria, the majority being Jewish charities; and with his other horses, none of which were, however, so successful as La Fleche, he stiffened the financial position of many a worthy cause in need of funds.

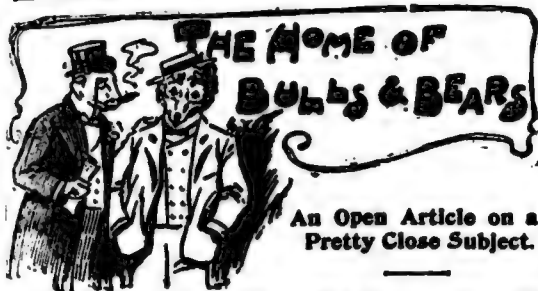
"Mr. Jersey," as Mrs. Langtry is called on the race cards, is said to have given away £5,000 of her horses' winnings last year, although she was not particularly lucky on the turf. There is good reason to believe that year in year out Mrs. Langtry's horses do not win as much as they cost, which makes the "Jersey Lily's" generosity the more remarkable.

The Duke of Portland is another well-known owner whose horses have done much in the cause of charity. For some considerable time after his marriage, he regularly handed over his horses' winnings, to the tune of thousands of pounds, to one hospital or another.

Although one does not hear much about the matter, the Duke of Devonshire's donations to charities reach an enormous sum annually, and at one time, when his Grace did more on the turf than now, his horses were responsible for no meagre part of the yearly total. Someone well acquainted with the Duke once remarked to the present writer, that the only time he had seen his Grace smile in a natural manner was when he received the big stakes in a race which one of his horses had won by the same post as an appeal to assist an orphanage; and he smiled as he passed the former to his private secretary as an answer to the latter.

Last year the King sent to an Epsom hospital a portion of the winnings of his horse, Diamond Jubilee, in the Derby, and when Persimmon won the "Blue Riband," he did a similar generous act on a larger scale in the case of an orphanage. Unlike the late Duke of Westminster, the King almost invariably backs his candidates for turf honours, and when he won, at least a small percentage of his winnings went to a charity fund he kept to be disbursed when and how he thought best. If this plan were followed by other notable sportsmen we should hear less about the immorality of betting and the poverty of our great charitable institutions.

Don't miss Baroness Orczy's latest "London Mystery." The most ingenious criminal story ever written.



An Open Article on a
Pretty Close Subject.

FIRST comes the House. Stockbrokers call their institution 'Change for short. In France and Belgium it is called the Bourse, in Germany Borse, in Italy Borsa, and in Spain Bolsa.

Our London Stock Exchange came into existence towards the end of the eighteenth century. Long before that the stockbrokers and jobbers of the day used to meet in the Bank of England and in coffee houses adjacent to their present house, but from the time of Elizabeth they have met in the same district.

The present building was opened in 1854. The House has on its books nearly 5,000 members. It costs a member 500 guineas to join and thirty guineas a year subscription, and three members have to stand god-father for him.

The members are governed by a committee consisting of thirty men, who have the power to suspend or expel any member guilty of dishonourable or disgraceful conduct.

It is against the rules of the House for a member to do business with outside people, and where a flagrant breach of this regulation is committed the offending member is brought to book.

Outside brokers are gentlemen who deal in stocks and shares but who are not members of the House, and therefore under nobody's control. Of course, they have not the same standing as have inside brokers.

You may know an outside broker from a duly registered one by the fact that the latter is not allowed to advertise in any shape or form. It is only the outside brokers who announce what they are and describe themselves as ready to do business for you. Their offices are called "bucket-shops" by

THE INSIDE BROKERS.

Members of the Stock Exchange are either brokers or jobbers. A broker is one who transacts business as between members (jobbers) of the Exchange and the public, and obtains his commission from the clients who employ him. He buys and sells stocks and shares according to instructions he receives from his clients, or does so acting on his own initiative for the good of his clients.

A jobber is one who deals in stocks and shares on his own account, and holds, buys, or sells what is going just as he pleases.

A share is a unit of a number of shares issued and held by the public. Say you hold fifty shares of anything, these would, of course, represent fifty units or parts of the whole, but in talking about them with your broker you would call them stock (lumped together), and he would call them stock when trying to dispose of them for you on 'Change. Shares individually stand as shares, but when taken together they become stock.

Consols is short for Consolidated Annuities. In incurring the National Debt Government borrowed money at different periods from the country's pocket on special conditions, being generally the payment of an annuity of so much per cent. on the sum borrowed. Endless confusion arose from the variety of stocks so created, and an Act of Parliament was passed 150 years ago consolidating them into one fund. This is

KNOWN AS THE CONSOLS.

The rate of interest is low, but as Government security it is absolutely safe. It was Consols that really started the Stock Exchange business as we know that institution to-day. But with the forming of railways and joint stock companies (due to the Joint Stock Companies Act of 1862) Stock Exchange operations developed amazingly.

Capel Court holds the financial reins that govern the growth of foreign government debts, our own Indian and Colonial enterprises, municipal loans, gas, water, shipping, telegraph, tramway, and the thousand and one ordinary commercial undertakings, besides home, colonial, and foreign railways, and other securities.

You have often read of bulls and bears in connection with the Stock Exchange.

A bull is an operator who buys certain stock for settlement at a future date on the speculation of a rise in the interim. Say you buy £1,000 worth of a certain stock to-day. You will not pay cash when you buy. In the meantime your stock has gone up in price, you sell out at the advanced figure and make a nice haul.

But supposing your anticipations are not realised and your deal is a failure, then you become a bear. You sell out the moment you perceive that the price is falling so as to save yourself. Your next move is to buy your stock back again when it has fallen to its lowest price and hold it for a future market.

So a "bear" is one who sells out his stock with the intention of buying it back again when it touches what is called rock-bottom price.

Stockbrokers rarely, if ever, indeed, act independently in "bulls" and "bears." The operation is carried out

in groups, and it either makes or bankrupts you. That is how fortunes are made and lost perhaps in an hour.

It is quite a common thing for a member to realise a competence for life in a few minutes, and then perhaps in an hour or two afterwards to lose all again in addition to his own money, so sudden are the fluctuations on 'Change.

Combinations to resist the adverse effect of sales by speculators for a fall ("bears") are sometimes entered into in face of really adverse circumstances.

These combinations work against "bear" operations and buy up all the stock that is offered, and then call upon those who have sold what they do not possess to deliver it.

This is called a "corner," and if in the tussle the "bears" lose they are obliged to pay whatever amount the "corner" asks for the stock they have bought. As tens of thousands of pounds are frequently involved in these operations the changed aspect of affairs creates the wildest excitement on 'Change and often results in a panic.

The stock has been wrestled from the "bears," whose idea was to sell out and buy back again at a cheaper price, anticipations which failed to be realised. Had the combination failed then the "bears" would have bought back the stock at the cheaper rate and

CREATED A CORNER THEMSELVES.

In reading newspaper quotations it is well to know that the prices shown there have been given by the Exchange Telegraph Company, who are supplied by the House officials with the closing prices quoted for each day. This is recorded on the tape.

For price-quoting purposes it is a common practice to take a unit of 100 and make this the starting point, so that if you read in the first column the figures, say, 98 and in the next 65½, it would mean that the value of that particular stock had declined two per cent. on the previous day and had experienced a still more serious drop on the current day.

Whether the unit be 100 or 5 depends upon the kind of stock, but one can easily see whether there is a rise or a fall when comparing the figures.

An enormous amount of business is transacted between international exchanges by means of the telegraph. If some event occurs causing a sharp change in prices it may happen that the price of some special security is appreciably different on one Exchange from what it is on another.

Paris may quote a higher price than London in, say, Italian government funds, called Italian Rente. Dealers instantly send telegrams from the various markets of the world to London buying up what stock there is on the market, or the dealers will wire to their Paris agents ordering them to sell out in Paris.

Nearly all Stock Exchange transactions are purchases or sales for what is called the "settlement." Consols only are bought and sold for cash with an exception or two. The settlements for other business are periodical, monthly or fortnightly.

BLIND MEN'S DOGS.

Where and how they are Trained for their Life-Work.

WHERE do blind people obtain the wonderfully faithful dogs that lead them through our crowded streets with such sagacious care?

Many of these clever animals are supplied to the sightless by a dog fancier and breeder who has his kennels in a pretty little village close to the Sussex coast.

In addition to the puppies littered at his own place, this man has secured an option on most of the puppies bred in the countryside round his village.

As the dog which is destined to act in the place of a pair of eyes has no easy task before it, only the most intelligent puppies are chosen to be trained for the purpose. And as it is not every litter that contains a puppy with the necessary qualifications, the decision is often no easy one to make.

Having selected the little animal whose life-work it will be to lead the blind, the breeder leaves it with its mother until it is at least some four months old. Its playful babyhood at an end, the puppy begins to go to school, taking, as a first step, lessons in the art of walking in a straight line and at a steady pace. The schoolroom to begin with is the kennel-yard, later it is a country lane, and by-and-by the village street.

It takes time for a lively young animal to learn that sudden dashes here and there must not be indulged in while someone has hold of a chain attached to its collar. But after about two months' constant daily practice, the lesson is driven home.

In the intervals of odd jobs he is employed to do by the village-folk, the blind man takes the dog in hand. He knows his way about the district quite as well, if not better, than most of its sighted inhabitants.

By making excursions in all directions, leaving the dog to do all the piloting home, the blind expert tests and develops its sense of locality. He furthermore accustoms it to traffic, and by kindly insistence impresses on it the necessity for not only withdrawing itself from danger but its charge as well.

After from four to five months' training the dog is ready to lead the blind. It is then perhaps some nine months old, and is kept in constant practice until a purchaser is found. The breeder who has had the dog trained does not advertise, but he is known to the officials of the various charitable organisations which assist the blind. When a blind man is anxious to get about and has no child who can lead him, a dog is ordered from the breeder, who receives between two and three pounds for each animal supplied.

Then a clever little doggie makes a long journey by rail, and after it has got to know its new master settles down without complaint to a life of quiet, faithful self-sacrifice as a dumb friend of the blind.

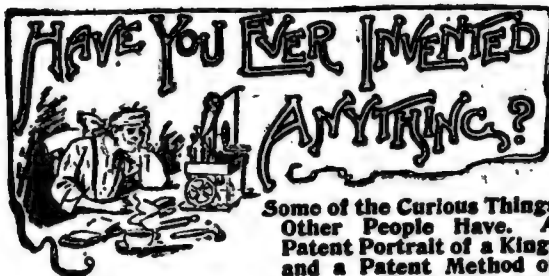
Where are the Cricketers?

1st Prize, £10; 2nd Prize, £5;
3rd to 19th, £1 each.



In this picture are the names of several well-known cricketers, each name being represented by some part of the picture. For example, Fry is indicated by the act of frying. See how many names you can find, and send your answer to "Cricketer," Room 36, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, not later than Tuesday, September 10th. Each object in the picture representing a name must be numbered, and the number placed against the solution. Write the names on half a sheet of notepaper, and pin it to this sketch.

The lion on the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE is purple this month. Don't forget!



Some of the Curious Things
Other People Have. A
Patent Portrait of a King,
and a Patent Method of
Shooting Engine Drivers.

The first patents were issued by James I., and were in the nature of monopolies or privileges for which money was paid directly to the king himself, and went, no doubt, to swell his private exchequer.

During the last eight years of this reign, and the first nine of Charles I., these patents averaged less than four per annum.

The number rose to twelve in the course of the next five years, but fell off considerably and disappeared entirely during the troublous time of the Civil War and during the Commonwealth.

Immediately on the accession of Charles II. they revived again, and for a period of over thirty-one years averaged four yearly, to be increased to twenty-one during the first three years of the joint reign of William and Mary.

Then there was another fall, and during the time of Queen Anne only about two and a half patents were issued during the year. In the times of the first two Georges there were rather more than seven per annum, but after the accession of George III. they rose rapidly. In 1765 thirty-one patents were granted, and in 1799 there were ninety-six. By 1830 the number had increased to 180. In 1840 there were 440, and in the first nine months of 1852 they had risen to 465.

WHEN IT COST £400 FOR A PATENT.

In the October of that year the Patent Law Amendment Act was passed. This materially diminished the cost of a patent, and, therefore, gave an impetus to inventors who, as a rule, are not largely blessed with this world's goods, those who work the products of the brain making, as a rule, far more than those whose brain made the product. Before the passage of this law the average cost of a patent was £300 for England alone, and for England, Scotland and Ireland £400. Under the Patent Amendment Act a petition for a patent cost £5, which was the equivalent of a provisional protection.

Four months were then given to the patentee, and if after the expiration of that time he resolved to go on, he got a patent for three years on payment of a sum of £20. For another £50 he was able to extend the patent for four years, and if, after these seven years, he desired a further extension for another seven he could obtain it on payment of £100. By these successive payments of £175 in all an inventor was thus able to secure a patent for fourteen years.

The earlier patents were scarcely of the nature of those as we understand them now, and the first which bears the modern tinge was unquestionably the first issued by James I. for the exclusive privilege of drawing, engraving, and publishing maps of London, Westminster, Windsor, Bristol, Norwich, Canterbury, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge. The second was for the privilege of publishing portraits of His Sacred Majesty, and there is, therefore, royal precedent for the custom which, it is said, obtains to-day among popular actresses and others whose photographs are in demand for making the photographer pay a royalty on each or a lump sum down for the privilege of selling these mementoes.

THE LONGEST AND SHORTEST PATENT.

Practical consideration marked the third patent, which was for ploughing land without horses or oxen, for making barren land fertile, and for raising water and constructing boats for safe movement on water—a sufficiently extensive list to be covered by a single warrant.

The longest specification is, appropriately enough, known as "The Monster." This was filed in 1835 by Mr. Croft, and contains 149 pages of reading matter to which are added forty-nine sheets of drawings, many of them being of an exceedingly complicated and intricate character. There are now no copies to be bought, for when, some five years ago, the uniform rate of 8d. for a specification was established, irrespective of length, all the copies were bought up as curiosities within a very short time.

The shortest, or one of the shortest, specifications known relates to the preserving of ferns for the manufacture of screens. The whole specification consists of fifteen words, and is as follows: "My invention consists in ironing the fern in its natural condition with a hot iron."

Among the eccentric ideas, one of the simplest was the application of an individual for putting salt into water to boil cabbages. Had it been granted there is little doubt but that he would have made the fortune he expected by the securing of the monopoly. Applications for patents in clothing have been shown to be numerous. Among them must certainly be placed that of the economical individual who brought out a frock coat the tails of which were hooked back in order to become a dress coat.

A Mr. George Holland applied for a patent "for making false or dummy calves in stockings, thus supplying the needs of those to whom Nature had been unkind," and furnishing, no doubt, the idea to the actors of succeeding generations who rely so largely on their figures for their attractive powers.

Another economically-minded inventor took out a patent for the body of a dress to fit two figures. How this was managed is, however, a marvel which does not appear at first sight if the figures were at all dissimilar.

Another patent sought to do away with garters, the stockings being suspended from a silver belt round the waist—clearly a precursor of the modern suspender.

Patent medicines, those universal cure-alls, from a sprained finger down to the most fell disease which may attack man, were early to the front and no doubt dominated the attention of the people as they do to-day. One of these was "a hydraulike, which being placed by the bedside causeth sweete sleepe to those which either by hotte fevers or otherwise cannot take reate."

To a bee-fancier belongs the distinction of one of the most ingenious combinations recorded—a hen-roost and a beehive. He was greatly annoyed by the depredations of the bee-moth, which wrought havoc with his honey. Being of an observant disposition, he noticed that this insect was always out at night, while the bees went about their work in the day. He accordingly came to the conclusion that if he could keep out the thief by night, without preventing the egress or ingress of the worker by day, he would accomplish his object. He accordingly pivoted a hen-roost on to the beehive, which was provided with gates. His bees were expected to be in the cells just before dusk, and, no doubt, being well-behaved little bees, they probably were. Then the fowls went to rest, and, as they alighted on the roost, they closed the gates of the hive automatically, so shutting in the bees all night, which kept the bee-moth out. When the fowls got awake in the morning and flew down they opened the gate automatically, and, as the inventor declared, "returned the bees and the honey all safe to the air of heaven and the flowers of the earth."

One man, struck with the need of lighting up towns on the nights when there was no moon, applied for a patent for an artificial moon, which he claimed would light up every town using it without expense. He had noticed the reflection of light on distant windows at sunset, and had noted how far the light travelled. His proposal was to build for each town a balloon of a sufficiently large size to raise a huge reflector. This was to be hoisted at dusk every evening, "and the reflection of the sun's rays cast downwards on the village was sure to light it up through all the darkness of the night."

Among the ingenious methods for stopping trains was one whose action is somewhat difficult to understand, although the process is simplicity itself. The patent applied for was for power to shoot at the engine-driver from the guard's van, where a raised platform was placed on which an arrangement something like the ancient catapult was erected in order to fire the necessary pellets.

CATS KILLED BY THE SCORE.

In North London there exists one of the largest cat's homes in the world. Since this institution was opened, two or three years ago, upwards of 50,000 strayed and starving cats have been brought into it. A P.W. representative paid a visit to this place a few days ago, and as he passed from one ward to the other, he could not help smiling and remarking to the young lady secretary who accompanied him, that if all the workhouses for tramps in England were as comfortable and as cheerful, that there would be an enormous increase in the number of applicants for admission.

I was most interested in the lethal chamber, in which cats are daily put out of existence.

As many as 700 cats are received in one week. There is not accommodation for that number. The stray cats brought in by the van which has collected them during the day are kept for a day or two.

If no one claims them and no one wants to adopt them, they are consigned to the lethal chamber, where they are chloroformed. As many as eighty and a hundred a day—sometimes more—are in this way disposed of.

Some of the stray cats which are brought or sent to the institution turn out to be very valuable animals, and as much as five and seven guineas have been offered for them by distinguished visitors to the home.

A large number of pets are always to be seen in the institution. The majority of them are foreign cats which were lost in London, and which still remain unclaimed. Most of the stray and starving cats, it may be interesting to know, which are brought to this home, are taken from the Law Courts, and from the lanes and alleys surrounding the principal buildings and offices in the E.C. district.

"The barbarians buried their prisoners in a kind of cement that contracted as it hardened. You can't imagine how horrible it must have been."

"Oh, yes, I can. I have been in a tight bathing suit when it started to shrink."

BANKRUPT THROUGH TREATING SOLDIERS.

Fortunes Spent in Tobacco and Liquor by Tommy's Admirers.

A son of a Yorkshire farmer always had a "banking" after the army, but his parents were obdurate, and his military ardour finally found vent in a modified form of soldiering in the Yeomanry, which in those days was regarded as a kind of War Office joke.

The father of the young fellow in question died, and left the farming business, which was a good one in this case, to his son. The latter failed to give the application to the work which it required. He was constantly driving in to the nearest garrison town, where a regiment of Dragoons were stationed, and he spent most of his evenings either at the sergeant's mess, or with military companions in the town.

He would not allow the soldiers to pay for anything if he could prevent it, and he spent money at a much faster rate than he could make it. He had military friends at the farm for week-ends and treated them handsomely in the matter of drinks and cigars.

There could only be one end to this sort of thing and it came. He had to dispose of his farming interest to meet claims, and got out of it with but a few pounds in his pocket. With the aid of friends he went out to America and began life again on a cattle ranch.

Harold Freeman, a young fellow of thirty, came unexpectedly into a sum of £500. He was a machinist at a saw-mill with a wage of 28s. a week. He threw up his job and set out to enjoy himself. He went to London, and after a fortnight there, went on to Aldershot to see a friend who was a corporal in a line regiment.

He liked the soldiers, and he spent all his time and his money between Aldershot and London with his soldier friends. At the end of three months he had not a penny in the world, and was seeking a job at his old employment. As he was a good hand at his work, he succeeded in getting a job at Hull, but he could not shake off his propensity for treating soldiers whenever he came across them when his funds allowed.

The dockyard towns of Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham are not without their instances of the kind. Apart from the men who come off a foreign station and on being paid off, "blew the lot," there are civilians who beggar themselves in an excess of admiration for the handyman. A few years ago two men from Wolverhampton, who came down to Southsea with an excursion and had unwisely brought all they had with them, spent about £30 in two days in "signifying the same in the usual manner," with blue-jackets and marines.

When they had paid for a wire to a friend for the amount necessary to take them home, they were penniless. Fortunately they were single men, and had merely to return to the process of "saving up."

H. B. Syers, who had £1,600 left him a few years ago, went through every penny at Chatham, treating sailors and marines. It was not all "blewed" in treating to drink and music halls, for he bought all sorts of things allowable and forbidden to men in hospital, including scores of pounds of tobacco for convalescents, while he sent money to needy relatives of his naval friends. When last heard of he was a patron of a "doss-house" in London, but Chatham knew him no more.

It must not be inferred for a moment that soldiers and blue-jackets are generally guilty of "sponging" on generous civilians, for there is nobody more open-handed and generous than our soldiers and sailors when they have the wherewithal, but occasionally individuals of the above character crop up, and they insist upon doing the thing well to the total depletion of their own funds.

THE HEAT BUMP.

We sometimes have little whitish bumps appear on our bodies; they irritate us and are accompanied by slight inflammation. We call them heat bumps, believing that the hot or sultry weather has acted on the skin or blood and produced these little excrescences. We can find no trace of having been attacked by any insect, so they must be heat bumps.

In many cases, especially in the autumn, these small swellings are really caused by an insect, which is so tiny that only those who have very good eyesight can see them.

They are popularly known in rural districts as "harvest bugs." These little pests literally swarm in some parts of the country in late summer and in autumn, and they are to be found in less profusion all over the land.

They are a bright crimson and have six legs; they simply bury themselves under your skin and take their fill, setting up an irritation that makes you want to tear out a piece of your flesh. We have seen a baby placed on the grass for a few minutes, develop these "heat bumps" all over its arms and legs. They seem to prefer the secluded portions of your anatomy, such as the bend of the arm or under the knee.

Rubbing with an essential oil is the best remedy, but heroic persons stick a needle into the affected part and impale the creature, which, when the due time arrives, walks forth as an eight-legged insect that lives entirely on vegetable matter!

Fettered Lives.

A STORY OF THE PRISON AND THE STAGE.

By Henry Farmer.

READ THIS FIRST.

REGINALD STANLEY is convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunnayon, but the death sentence is commuted to penal servitude for life on the ground of his youth. He leaves behind one convinced in his innocence, his sweetheart, Esmée Conyers.

Four years pass away, and taking advantage of a fog, Stanley and a fellow convict, Cully Scott, alias the "Smasher," escape to the railway line. A train is passing, bearing the theatrical company of the drama *Fettered Lives* back to London. Seated in a carriage by himself is Theodosius Gilderoy, the stage manager, a great man in the theatrical world. He is astonished to see at the window the face of Cully Scott, and a few seconds after the convicts have forced their way into his carriage.

At the sight of Cully, Gilderoy is alarmed. The Smasher, trading on something he evidently knows about Gilderoy's past, compels his silence, and, further, demands that the manager shall provide him and Stanley with suits of clothes from his portmanteau. He is frightened into agreeing, and the convicts thus reach London unnoticed save by one actor, Harley Garside, who observes the two strange men in Gilderoy's clothes, and confides the news to Austyn Selincourt, to whom he also gives several valuable cases of jewels he has secured by some criminal means.

When Selincourt hears that one of the fugitives is his cousin, Rex Stanley, he is filled with alarm, but consoles himself by resolving to "get on his track."

Cully Scott, pushing his power over Gilderoy to the furthest point, demands that he shall find employment for him in *Fettered Lives* company, and a part for his gentleman colleague. Gilderoy, after much protesting, is driven into consenting, and Rex Stanley, under the name of Keith Leslie, is cast for the part of Dick Selby, a broken-down wastrel. Rex knows nothing of acting or stage customs but resolves to try his luck. Esmée Conyers is also in the company.

Simultaneously with the entry of the new and unknown member of the company the news of the escape of two convicts from Bleanmoor is circulated, one of them Rex Stanley, the Dunnayon murderer.

Stanley distinguishes himself as an actor. Esmée Conyers recognises him when he comes on the stage during the rehearsal, and is overcome. Subsequently Cully Scott arranges an interview between the two at his lodgings.

Selincourt plans with Garside the robbery of the Duchess of Lancaster's jewels.

Esmée Conyers and Gladys are robbed in Drury Lane, but the thief is chased and captured by Cully Scott, and the lost articles returned to the girls.

Selincourt discovers Stanley's identity.

Stanley goes out at night and is shadowed by a former fellow-convict.

CHAPTER XII. (continued). Shadowed!

A CUNNING leer crept over the man's face as he still kept Stanley in view.

"Only two months ago," he muttered, "and you and me was working in the same gang; but I came out square and on ticket. You never was a pal of mine—too much of the bloomin' swell about you to please me. I ain't got the price of a drink about me, and there's five quid waitin' for the bloke what'll give information that will lead to you being took. And yet, if I thought you was flush, I'd try my hand at squeezin' you first!"

He chuckled to himself. In any case he was going to make money out of that night's business.

Stanley, all unconscious of the shadow behind, hesitated when he reached Cambridge Circus. It would make but little difference in time if he went home through Bloomsbury. He had promised Scott that, until they had left London, he would not attempt to see Esmée, except at rehearsals. But merely to pass by the house where she was staying—an absurd thing in itself, but characteristic of a man in love—would be no contravention of his promise.

"Curse 'im!" muttered the ex-gal bird, "if 'e takes a keb, I'm done, unless I can 'itch on behind!"

He gave a low chuckle as Stanley continued on foot. Once in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury he had to exercise more caution. The streets were quiet and practically deserted. But the ticket-of-leave man was an adept. He took advantage of shadows and dark corners.

On entering Clifford Street, Stanley slowed his pace, his eyes riveted on a light shining through the blinds of a window on the first floor of a house some little distance ahead. Within the treasures that Cully Scott had recovered, close beside her, Esmée half lay across the table, her shapely dark head pillowed on her outstretched arms, her fingers knit convulsively together. Her lips were moving, and the faintly whispered words of a prayer broke the stillness of the room.

Stanley had eyes only for that lighted window. He would have given worlds for a few moments in that room, for a few moments when he could be himself, not Keith Leslie, and the Esmée Conyers of the *Fettered Lives* company, the Amy of his love.

He passed under a lamp. He did not see the squat, broad-shouldered man who, standing in the dark shadow of a porch, was leaning against one of the pillars, his eyes fastened on that same lighted window.

It was Cully Scott!

After leaving his lodgings, he had gone to Clifford Street, believing that Esmée Conyers was the magnet that had drawn Stanley away. Scott was a materialist, possessed no nerves, and was somewhat lacking in imagination. That such abstract things as thoughts could drive a man to take refuge in open air and movement, never occurred to him. When he saw the lighted window on the first floor, and heard a clock strike midnight, he came to the conclusion that Stanley, sure enough, must be in that room "sweet-cartin'"; otherwise Esmée would have retired to bed—a deduction that proved his want of imagination. Consequently he took up a position in the dark porch of an empty house opposite, determined to wait till Stanley emerged, and then to talk to him like a father. In his intense devotion to Stanley, Scott, callous as far as his own personal safety was concerned, was not unlike an anxious old hen that is never happy unless her chick is tucked away under her wing.

The falsity of his deductions was, however, proved beyond doubt, when Stanley, moving slowly, his head turned towards the windows on the first floor, passed into the light of the lamp.

Scott was for the moment taken aback; then, just as he was on the point of stepping out after him, his quick ears caught the almost inaudible sounds of someone moving along stealthily. He pulled himself up sharply, and stood motionless.

A moment later, a figure, keeping as closely as possible within the shadows of the houses, stole stealthily past. The lamp-light that had fallen upon Stanley, fell upon it.

Cully Scott crushed his teeth together. He had recognised the man. Two months before they had been working together in the same convict gang. Like lightning it flashed through his brain what the game was that "Sharkey" was playing! He had never looked uglier than when he crept out of the porch, and, moving every whit as silently as the man ahead, proceeded to cover the intervening space with remarkable speed. He had shaped out his plan of action. He intended to adopt drastic measures to throw Sharkey off the scent.

There was a gap of only two yards between them when the shadower realised that he was being shadowed. As he turned his head, Cully Scott rushed and struck him a terrible blow on the temple; then, before he could fall to the ground, caught him in his arms.

Stanley wheeled round at the sound of the blow. The sight that met his eyes brought his heart into his mouth.

Cully Scott had jerked up the unconscious man across one shoulder, and had reached some area railings on his left. Stanley was in time to see him drop his man over into the area below! He had not recognised Scott. Foul play had been done. Clenching his fists, and acting on his first impulse, he bore down upon him. He was athletic and a first-rate boxer; but before he had time to realise, both his wrists were clutched in a vice-like grip, and a voice hissed in his ears: "Steady, it's me! Don't ask no questions—come along!"

And before he had recovered from the shock of recognition, Scott was hurriedly dragging him away from the spot.

"Don't argify—what's done 'as been done for the best—steady yerself!"

Stanley's teeth were chattering. An indescribable feeling of repugnance for the man who was still dragging him along mastered him.

"What have you done?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Old yer noise. I'll tell yer when we gets indoors. It was for the best."

No more was said till they had safely reached their lodgings.

"Scott, what in the name of Heaven have you done?"

Horror and repugnance were shining from Stanley's eyes as he put the question.

"It was Sharkey, Sharkey what worked along o' you and me in Bleanmoor. 'E was on our track. 'E'd sell 'is brother for a fi-pun' note. I knocked 'im out first, then dropped him down the area. Your freedom was at stake, d'ye see! Maybe a leg or a arm's broke; but Sharkey's too tough to come to much harm! And what if 'is neck 'as been broke?"

Stanley shivered. There was no sign of emotion or regret in Scott's bull-dog face.

"What's the good of a sneak or a rat in this ere world? What's the backbone of this 'ere bloomin' life of ours? Stick to yer pals, tooth and nail, and when it's a question of a pal comin' to grief, or killin' a rat, kill the rat, says I!"

He paused for a moment.

"Sir, I can see you twitch under my words—'cos why? 'Cos you was born and bred different to me. I 'urts yer feelin's, and I knows it; but I can't change my skin at my time o' life. It 'urts me to see I 'urts you! A durned, sneakin' rat's nothink to me; but you is. I can't abide to see you shrinkin' from me!"

Gratitude got the better of Stanley's repugnance. Horror at the act of violence still remained; but he had recalled how much he owed Scott. Impulsively he stretched out his hand.

"I don't want you to change your skin, Scott, or the true heart that beats under it. What—what you did, you did for me; only, for Heaven's sake, be careful! You don't know your own strength!"

"Yus," answered Scott slowly, "it was always one o' my faults—'ittin' a bit too hard. But I only once knocked the life out of a man—a cove what sold me to the police, and got me put away fur a couple o' years. It was all fair play, sir. We fought it out, man to man. 'E was a rat, and I 'ad no regrets arter. And now, sir, seein' it's gettin' late, I reckon we'd best turn in. I'm glad to think we shall be clear o' London to-morrow. And, sir,—his husky voice was a trifle

unsteady—"don't think too hardly of me. Dessay if I'd been took in 'and as a kid, I might 'ave been a 'ighly respectable and 'armless bloke, instead of what I am!"

Stanley never closed his eyes that night. Blackguard Sharkey might be; but the picture of him lying in that area, maimed, perhaps more than maimed, haunted him a like nightmare. He felt that he was indirectly responsible. He had brought it about. The blame was his, not Scott's. Scott had acted according to his own lights; his act had not been one of gratuitous brutality, but of unselfish devotion!

Stanley prayed for daylight.

CHAPTER XIII.

Man Proposes, but in this instance a Woman all but Disposes. For Love of Gold; for Love of a Woman!

AUSTYN SELINCOURT, beslipped and wearing his Oriental dressing-gown, lay back in an easy chair in his flat. Cigars and drinks were within reach. His appearance, and the preparations around him suggested the intention of sitting up late. It was midnight by the ormolu clock. He had dropped his mask of languid boredom; his expression, as he thoughtfully tugged at his moustache, was one of cold calculation.

He was well pleased with his morning's work. He had struck the trail of the convict cousin who stood between him and the Dunnayon wealth and estates. Keith Leslie was Rex Stanley right enough! Over four years ago he had fancied that he held the game in the hollow of his hand; and the unexpected had happened. The cup had been dashed from his lips. Fortune, the jade, had served him a dirty trick; but now she seemed to be smiling upon him, and offering him another chance. This time there must be no mistake.

He jerked a trifle savagely at his moustache as he raked up his muddy past. Son of a younger son, money had been scarce from the first. A hand-to-mouth existence had been detestable to this refined, aristocratic voluptuary, whose god was self, whose highest aim was self-gratification. He had preyed on, pillaged, and duped the fools of either sex that abounded in Society. His fascinating exterior, his air of good breeding, his iron will, made it possible for him to mould weaker men and women into the shape he wanted. Garside was an instance of this. They had been at Eton together; then had gone their several ways. When next they met, Garside had gambled away his money, was penniless, and desperate. As a boy his two hobbies had been amateur theatricals and the study of criminology. Selincourt had gauged his character to a nicety. He mastered Garside mentally; then evolved the idea of the actor-crackman. It was a brilliant idea. He knew most of the big county families. He would do the organisation and brain work; Garside the dirty work. His principle was the lion's share and the minimum of risk for himself. But to a man of Selincourt's comprehensive ideas it was petty and niggling work. He had always dreamed of a grand coup. He had been within an ace of it once. And now his chance had come again! He had no intention of departing from his usual methods of procedure. The dirty work must be done by someone else, and at a minimum of risk to himself.

He was sure of Garside up to a certain point, but when he had tried to lead him past that point he had shied and started to buck. Hitherto Selincourt had played upon his morbid craving for excitement, and his need of money to keep pace with his gambling instincts. Now he intended to play upon his passion and his jealousy. And if he failed, he must look out for another instrument. If one way was barred, he must find another.

A shadowy smile flickered across his handsome face. The long arm of coincidence was indeed manifesting itself with a vengeance. How would Garside take it, he wondered, when he realised that the Esmée Conyers for whom he had conceived such a violent passion was Amy Cunningham, the girl to whom Rex Stanley was supposed to have been secretly engaged, and on whose account the quarrel had arisen between him and Sir Ronald Dunnayon? How would he take it when he realised that Keith Leslie was Stanley? In these two facts Selincourt fancied he had the key to the situation.

He mixed himself a drink, and lighted a cigar.

"Accidents," he muttered, "do sometimes happen on the stage. Counterweights have been known before now to fall from the 'flies'; ball cartridges have been mistaken for blank ones. Trap-doors have given way accidentally. It was only the other day I was reading about a poor devil who was stabbed to the heart in a stage fight!"

He elevated his eyebrows with a look of surprise and glanced at the clock, as the faint whirr of an electric bell reached him.

"Who the deuce can that be? Garside can't have finished already. I don't suppose he's started on the job yet!"

His cigar between his teeth, he sauntered out of the room, down the corridor, and opened the outer door.

The lowered light of the landing outside fell upon a woman, wild-eyed, haggard, shabbily dressed. Care, want, misery, had obliterated most of the beauty from the dusky, foreign face.

Selincourt started, and for a second lost his composure. The whole man seemed to harden. His eyes glinted like steel.

"Where the dickens have you sprung from?" he said, with brutal deliberation. "Why are you here?"

The woman stared at him for a moment without uttering a sound. A series of quick spasms convulsed her features. A vein on her forehead was throbbing so distinctly, the pulsations could have been counted with the eye.

"You ask why I am here? she hissed at last, in broken English. "You?"

Selincourt gripped her by the wrist, drew her within, and closed the door.

"I don't want a scene! Say what you have to say, and have done with it. What is it you want—money?"

"You fiend!" she hissed, in the Spanish of Mexico now, "you have not changed, with your handsome face, curse you! Look at mine! You used to call me beautiful! The sight of you maddens me, though I loved you once! You, who made me your toy as long as the whim pleased you! You, who squandered my money! And you thought that because you had assumed another name, and I was a foreign girl in a foreign land, that you could pull down the curtain and blot out the past when you tired of me, and had spent my money!"

Selincourt never flinched under the horrible indictment. His only movement—a slow tightening of the lips—was hidden under his moustache.

"But the day I buried our child—our child, you hound—the day that all that was left to me was taken from me, I swore

to find you! I had not known your real name, Austyn Selincourt, but chance was good to me, very good to me!"

He was gnawing his nether lip now. Chance had played him another dirty trick.

"One letter that you had left behind! One letter that I found the day the earth closed over our child!"

She paused, and, for a moment, pressed a wasted hand to her heaving bosom.

"Do you remember how I used to dance to you and sing to you as you lay back, smoking and smiling? That is how I, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain, earned money for our child; how I earned money to reach England! But my beauty is gone. And when I danced they laughed and jeered instead of admiring. To-day, to reach London, I sold my guitar. Do you know why I have come? What I want?"

"What is it you want—money?"

"Revenge, you hound!"

Swift as thought her hand had sought her bosom. Almost before the words had passed her vivid lips, before Selincourt could spring back or raise an arm to protect himself, there was a gleaming flash—up, down—home!

He reeled back, and struck heavily against the cream-coloured panelling; then straightened up for a moment. The handsome face was horribly distorted. With a convulsive movement he plucked the bloody dagger from his wound, and staggered a step towards the woman, who stood like one momentarily fascinated. But blood was flowing, and with it strength. The dagger slipped from his nerveless fingers, he fell heavily, face downwards.

The woman glanced down at the stricken man, undying hate blazing out from her great dilated eyes, hate written on every line of the once beautiful face!

"I have lived long enough!" she hissed. "Baby mine, baby mine, you are revenged!"

She spurned the motionless body with her foot, then sped away, and down the dimly lighted stairs.

The door swung to, but did not latch itself.

The great door below, giving access to the flats, remained open throughout the night.

Out into the street sped the wild-eyed woman, and then on! On till the lights of a bridge twinkled out, and the sullen murmur of rushing water filled the air.

One swift glance round lest there should be someone near to baffle her purpose; then she sprang upon the parapet.

Black heaven above, black waters below, black woe in her heart!

A snatchy prayer to the All-Merciful! A baby's name whispered for the last time—then the leap into Eternity!

The ormolu clock in Selincourt's luxurious bachelor-room was chiming out the last of four melodious notes as an elderly gentleman, wearing an old-fashioned cloak and a wide-awake hat, and whose appearance would have suggested that he was generally in bed at an earlier hour, slipped quickly up the stairs. It was the same old gentleman with whom, shortly before midnight, Rex Stanley had collided.

Reaching the outer door of Selincourt's flat, he was on the point of ringing the bell when he noticed that the door was not quite closed. He pushed his way in.

The electric light was shining out. A hoarse cry burst from him, and he reeled like a drunkard at the sight that met his eyes. Another moment and he was on his knees beside the prostrate figure on the floor.

"Austyn, old chap," he whispered hoarsely, as he turned the body over and stared down into the grey, handsome face—"speak to me—speak to me!"

It was not an assumed voice now. It was the voice of Harley Garside. And the man was Harley Garside—the actor-crackman!

With horror-stricken eyes he glared at the blood-red patch that jarred inharmoniously with the soft colouring of the silken dressing-gown. Instinctively he placed a hand over the region of the heart. A flickering pulse told him that life was not extinct. The blood had ceased to flow. A clot had formed over the small, but deep wound.

Garside, no longer old and bent, sprang to his feet, and darted into the sitting-room, to return with a tumbler filled with raw brandy. Supporting Selincourt's head on one knee, he forced the tumbler between his teeth. A faint glow of colour warmed up the grey face. The pulses throbbed more strongly. The eyelids started to flicker, then opened wide. A low cry of thankfulness burst from Garside. He saw the blank, dazed stare change slowly into one of recognition. Then came a whisper scarcely audible:

"Garside, you here? Have—you—got—the—Hancaster—diamonds?"

"Yes; but for Heaven's sake, don't talk about that now, old chap."

"It was—a devilish near thing! Three inches lower and—it would have been—all U P—with me! A woman—I'd forgotten!"

Garside snatched him up in his arms; bore him into the adjoining bedroom, and laid him on the bed. When he glanced down at him he was in a swoon. The wound had started to bleed afresh. Quick as thought, he made a pad of his handkerchief, and bound it down tightly over the wound with long strips torn from the coverlet of the bed. Again he dosed him with brandy; but a quarter of an hour passed before he opened his eyes again.

"I say, old chap—I shall want—a doctor. But first—put that loot in—a safe place—that bureau in the—next room. Get out of that disguise of yours—a suit of yours is in the wardrobe. Don't look worried—it's been a near thing, but I—I shall pull through."

A spasm of pain convulsed the wounded man, but he tried to smile. It was a ghastly piece of acting; but even in his agony his vanity was supreme. He loathed to exhibit a sign of physical weakness.

"Who am I to fetch? What am I to say?" whispered Garside, as he unbuttoned his cloak, the lining of which was practically a number of skillfully devised pockets, each lined with wash-leather, and the contents secured by a flap that was buttoned down.

"Leave that to me—professional secrecy—fetch Holroyd, 17 Brooke Street—there's a knife or a dagger somewhere in the corridor—put the thing out of sight. A stiff dose of brandy, old chap—don't spare it—and I shall be able to hold out—till you get back with the doctor."

Five minutes saw the Hancaster diamonds safely locked up in the bureau, and Garside stripped of his disguise and himself.

"Sure you're all right, Austyn? I hate leaving you alone!"

"You're a dear old chap—but go!—I—I shall want sewing up."

When Garside returned he was accompanied by the doctor. Phineas K. Holroyd, M.D., U.S.A., had a big practice (in which Society ladies figured largely). Had he belonged to the British medical fraternity, he would have been long since struck off the medical register. His bedside manner was perfect. He was discretion itself. His fees varied according to the amount of discretion required. He had rendered Selincourt professional assistance on more than one occasion.

"Holroyd," whispered Selincourt feebly, as the doctor looked to his wound, "I don't want this business to get about. I can rely on you—a woman in the case, you know."

Doctor Holroyd quietly inclined his head.

"I—I don't want to get her into trouble; your business is to put me on my legs again—you're a doctor—er—not a police-constable."

Certain painful work had to be done in the shape of ligaturing severed blood-vessels and putting in stitches. Garside sat in the adjoining room, his teeth chattering, his fingers jammed in his ears. When he had picked up Selincourt and had bandaged his wound, he had been on his mettle, and had risen to the occasion; now the reaction had come. It was characteristic of the man.

Selincourt endured it all with marvellous fortitude, smiling down physical pain. Only his iron will and his vanity prevented him from fainting away.

"How long, Holroyd, before—I'm on my legs again?"

"It's a very serious wound. Perhaps in three weeks, perhaps in a month; but I can't promise definitely. Quiet is essential. You will let me engage a nurse for you?"

"Yes—but if she's not—pretty, I'll never forgive you!"

Daylight found Selincourt sleeping under the influence of a narcotic, Garside watching beside him. A white-capped, uniformed nurse was silently moving to and fro, making preparations for her patient's awakening. But it was eleven o'clock before he opened his eyes.

"Nurse," he said, when the first dazedness had passed away, looking with approval at her pretty face, "don't think I'm rude, will you? But would you mind if I had a few words in private with my friend"—then, when she had gone—"Garside, you've been awfully good to me. Holroyd told me that but for that *impromptu* bandage of yours it might have been very serious. Thanks, dear old chap!"

Garside's sallow, tired face flushed up.

"What time does the company leave for Berkington?"

"Half-past one; but they can go to the dickens! I'm going to stay here with you, Selincourt."

"No, I insist on your going, and shall be as right as rain. I want you to go. You must go! Besides, old chap, think of the charming Esmée. She will miss you at the station, and all that sort of thing."

Selincourt watched the effect of his words out of the corners of his half-closed eyes. Garside looked everywhere but at Selincourt's face.

"Why are you always dragging her name in?" he asked abruptly.

"Because, dear old chap—well, at first, I thought she was a mere passing fancy as far as you were concerned. Now I realise that you won't be happy till you get her. And it's no use for me to point out the folly of falling in love. You're too far gone. Go in and win, old chap!"

"Do you mean that?" Garside was on his feet now, his dark eyes flaming. "You're not chaffing me? You're serious?"

"Absolutely!"

"I've never liked to talk to you about her"—Garside was speaking quickly—"I've always felt that you were against me. That you were laughing at me up your sleeve. Now I'll tell you. Passion had mastered him, and his words poured out like a torrent. "I love her—I've tried to conquer it; but it's no use fighting. I love her, and I'd sell myself, body and soul, to win her."

"Not so loud, Garside. The nurse is in the next room. Keep your voice down, and come closer! Do you mean that?"

"I mean it!"

"Body and soul?"

"Body and soul!"

Selincourt reached out feebly with a long, white hand, and drew Garside close to the bed.

"But if," he whispered, "someone barred the way?"

"He'd have to—" Garside stopped for a moment as if horrified at what his passion had all but made him say.

"What do you mean?"

"Someone does bar the way."

"Who? Not—"

Again he paused; his face was livid now. He had thought of Keith Leslie; of the shadowy, jealous suspicions that had taken hold of him.

"Garside, do you know what Esmée Conyer's real name was before she went on the stage?"

"No!"

"Amy Cunningham!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Do you know that Amy Cunningham was supposed to have been secretly engaged before she went on the stage?"

Garside drove his teeth into his nether lip, and drew blood. The expression on his mobile, writhing features was satanic.

Selincourt knew that he had struck the right cord now.

"To whom?" hissed Garside, scarcely audible.

"To my cousin, Stanley, the escaped convict!"

"What?"

"Yes. Come closer. Do you know Stanley's name now?"

A sudden fierce light seemed to dazzle Garside's eyes.

"Not—"

"Yes—Keith Leslie!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Seed Is Sown.

SUNDAY is the day on which theatrical companies, as a rule, travel. The outside world takes a keen interest in most things appertaining to the stage. A number of the intending travellers by the 1.30 train from Euston loitered near certain

carriages, the flaring placards on the windows proclaiming that they were reserved for the members of Helston's *Fettered Lives* company. The members of the company, as they stood in little knots or sauntered up and down the platform, were also the objects of much interest. Some had friends to see them off, notably Bert Radstone, the juvenile lead, who, on entering the station, had made a bee-line for the refreshment bar.

Gilderoy—Sam Blobs's surmise on the subject of gout was correct—was still confined to his room, and, according to Tompkins, the assistant stage-manager, would only travel down to Berkington on the Monday, in time for the "show."

Miss Zoe Delisle, painted and powdered up to the eyes, and highly perfumed, was flaunting up and down the platform, getting as much rustle as possible out of her silk skirts, and doing her best to attract the maximum of attention.

Rawdon Pentworth, the stage villain, and Stratton Luxmore, the stage detective, destined to track down the villain on the Monday night to the intense satisfaction of the pit and gallery, were walking up and down, arm in arm.

Sam Blobs, the comedian, stood aloof, a melancholy man, studying his *REVUE*, the *ERA* and the *STAGE* tucked away under his arm.

Cully Scott, his left hand wrapped up in sticking-plaster, was superintending the embarkation of the company's luggage.

A sleepless night, haunted with visions of Sharkey being maimed, or perhaps worse than maimed, had told on Stanley. He was looking haggard and tired as he stood by one of the compartments, reserved for the ladies, talking to Esmée and Gladys, who had already taken their seats. He felt uneasy under the glances of the men and women who kept sauntering to and fro. He longed for the train to start.

Garside, his eyes leaden-ringed, his dusky, sallow complexion sallower than ever, was one of the last to arrive. He saw Stanley, and to whom he was talking. His lips tightened as from a twinge of physical pain. He hurried into a carriage and flung himself into a window-seat, jealousy gnawing at his heartstrings.

When Miss Delisle rustled up with the intention of distracting Stanley's attention from Esmée, he would have moved away, but she called his attention to her untied shoelace. It gave her an opportunity of displaying a decidedly shapely foot, neatly shod, and a discreet amount of silken "frilleries" and open-work stocking. Stanley promptly set the matter right; then Miss Delisle discovered that the other shoelace was loose. She was so sorry to trouble him, but if he wouldn't mind? And she cast a sly, coy glance at an elderly gentleman with an eye-glass, who had paused, deeply interested.

"Isn't he a dear?" she said to Esmée when Stanley had moved away, and entered a carriage.

"Who?" interrupted Gladys, with an uncompromising outspokenness. "That horrid, red-faced old man with an eye-glass, who was staring so hard at your feet?"

Miss Delisle looked daggers at the child, and ignored her remark.

"And so good-looking!" she went on, "he's certainly the best-looking man in our 'crowd.' I shall end by being quite mashed on him!"

Esmée's face flushed, not from any jealous feeling, but the woman's vulgar, familiar method of expression had grated on every nerve of her refined nature. Touring had not dulled the edge of her sensitiveness, though she was learning slowly to mask her feelings. But Miss Delisle, attributing the flush to jealousy, was considerably elated thereby. There was a good deal of the cat in her disposition. She had determined to make a conquest of Stanley, and had realised, with all a woman's quickness, that Esmée Conyers constituted a danger to her intention.

When the train started Stanley found himself in companionship with Blobs, Pentworth, and Luxmore. As he stared out of the window, still haunted by the grim adventure of the night before, he had completely forgotten that on the following evening he would be facing the footlights for the first time. But a remark from Pentworth recalled the fact.

"Feeling nervous about to-morrow night, Leslie?"

"Well, yes!"

"You'll be all right; take it from me. By the by, how did you get the shop? Through an agent?"

The conversation was taking a dangerous trend.

"No. A friend of mine, who knows Gilderoy, managed it for me."

"Not been long at the game, have you?"

"No, it's my first engagement." Stanley was taking the bull by the horns. "I expect you guessed as much when you saw me rehearse. I found myself suddenly face to face with the problem of how to earn a living, and—well, I thought I would risk it and try the stage."

"Laddie," Blobs had pricked up his ears, "don't be too sure about making a living at the game. Look at me! Been at it more years than you've lived! Played first gravedigger to Phelps's Hamlet; was first low comedian at the Grecian; and it takes me all my time to earn my bread, let alone butter. What with premium-paying dukes and divorce-court countesses, to say nothing of syndicates, actor-managers, and half salaries for *matinées*, the stage is going to the dogs! And the Press! By heaven, sir, the Press! What did some confounded, heartless, ignorant little ink-slinger say about me only the other day in the *YARFON ORACLE*: 'Mr. Sam Blobs lacked humour and was decidedly amateurish in the part of Spiffins!' I, Sam Blobs, amateurish! Been at it thirty years; supported Phelps, Harry Sullivan; played fourteen parts in a week for one pound one, and devilish thankful to get it—amateurish! To be called this by a glorified office-boy—by gad, sir, it's enough to make a man turn Turk!"

Pentworth winked at Stanley. Then Blobs, having verbally consigned the press, dramatic critics, actor-managers, and sundry dukes and countesses to a certain sulphureous region, disappeared behind the pages of the *Ena*.

"Do you know anything about make-up, and so on?" asked Pentworth, after an interval.

Stanley shook his head.

"Well, if you like, I'll give you a few tips to-morrow night, if you'll get down early."

Stanley thanked him gratefully. He appreciated the thoughtfulness of the offer. He had absolutely no idea how to "make-up" for the stage.

"Garside," continued Pentworth, "is a perfect marvel at the art of make-up!"

Somehow Stanley recalled the old gentleman with whom he had collided the night before.

"Hullo!" the exclamation had come from Luxmore, who had been intent upon the pages of a Sunday paper, "here's a picture of the escaped convict, Stanley!"

Blobs reappeared from behind the E.R.A. "Let's have a look, laddie!" He stared at the portrait. "You're a clever fellow, and you deserve to keep clear for your cleverness. And to think you were aboard our train when we were travelling up from Plymouth!"

Then, handing the paper on to Pentworth, he looked straight across at "Keith Leslie."

"Laddie," he said with a smile, "pon my soul, you're not altogether unlike that picture!"

A moment's silence—one of those moments that seem an eternity of time—then Stanley laughed! By a supreme effort, he had proved himself equal to the occasion. Luxmore was staring at him. Pentworth was comparing his face with that of the picture.

"Well, I'm bothered if I can see the resemblance," he said, handing over the paper. "Have a look for yourself, Leslie!"

The agony was being long-drawn out. Stanley required all his nerve. Three pairs of eyes were scrutinising him as he looked at his own picture. It was a drawing from a photograph taken more than four years before, and had suffered considerably in the process of reproduction. He felt that he must say something. His own voice sounded strange to him when he spoke.

"I daresay there is a resemblance." Luxmore took the paper. "Let's have another look." Luxmore took the paper.

"Well, I'm like Pentworth, I can't see the likeness." The incident was closed. Blobs disappeared again behind his E.R.A. Stanley crushed under a sigh of relief. He had seemed to be standing on the edge of a precipice. Yet, now that the danger was behind him, he was conscious of a feeling of greater security. Only one out of three had seen a fancied resemblance between him and what was actually a drawing from a photograph of himself four years ago.

"Have you got your rooms at Berkington?" asked Pentworth.

"Yes, I got an address from Cobb."

In theatrical towns certain lodgings are practically entirely devoted to members of touring companies. As the members of one company pass out, the others come in. These lodgings savour strongly of the stage. The little sitting-room is generally decorated with photographs of actors and actresses. There is an inevitable visitors' book filled with quotations, nice things about the rooms and the landlady, and autographs, many of them valuable. The landlady is, as a rule, a dramatic critic of no mean merit, and looks upon a couple of passes for the pit as a weekly perquisite. It was Scott's forethought that had procured rooms for Stanley. He seemed to find time to think of everything. He himself had no intention of sharing rooms with him on tour. In London it had been different; but, as he put it, there was a difference of class between baggage man and play-actor. He had arranged to occupy humble apartments with Cobb, the stage-carpenter.

"And where are you staying?" asked Pentworth.

"At Mrs. Gubbin's, 9 Hart Street."

It was dusk when Berkington was reached. Miss Delisle was much chagrined when Stanley left the station with Esmée Conyers and Gladys. She muttered spiteful things under her breath, and was obliged to fall back upon Bert Radstone for an escort. And it was gall and wormwood to Garside. Hitherto it had been his privilege. The bad blood rose to his face. He ground his teeth savagely together. Under ordinary circumstances he would have looked upon it as an act of courtesy, and even then would have felt jealous. But now, knowing what he did, it well-nigh maddened him. He had believed, until the news had been vouchsafed to him that morning by Austyn Selincourt, that Esmée's heart was free, and, believing this, had cherished hopes. But now a barrier barred his way, unless—he shivered at the thought; but could not shake it off.

He sprang into a cab, and bade the man drive to 9 Hart Street. Passion and sullenness alternated swiftly. Certain words, spoken that morning in a weak whisper, kept ringing in his ears:

"Take it from me, old chap, so long as Stanley is alive, no one will stand an earthly chance with Esmée Conyers!"

Austyn Selincourt had sown the seed.

CHAPTER XV. "The Death Trap."

The second-rate provincial town of Berkington was plastered with mighty picture-posters illustrative of the most thrilling and sensational situations in *Pettered Lives*, and the melodrama, in sooth, abounded in thrilling situations galore.

It was one of these posters that made Stanley pause as, after having seen Esmée and Gladys to their rooms, he was on his way to find out Hart Street. A little, gaping crowd clustered round the picture, strongly illuminated by an overhead electric light. One does not gather much knowledge about a play at ordinary rehearsals, and Stanley's knowledge was practically confined to those scenes with which he was personally concerned.

There was an undoubted grip about the poster, with its title "The Death Trap."

The scene represented was a garret-like room, the roof heavily beamed. Grim, indeed, was the central figure, a man, bound hand and foot, a handkerchief twisted tightly round his mouth. A rope was noosed about his neck and ran up, and through a block-pulley attached to the roof. He was standing on a double-trap-door. And in the trap and the devilish mechanism attached, lay the lurid fascination of the situation. A rope, stretching from one side of the room to the other, passed through rings in the trap and alone prevented the double-flaps from falling apart. But under the rope was a lighted candle! The dilated eyes of the helpless man were staring with horrified fascination at the flame of the candle that was surely burning through the rope.

It was, according to Gilderoy, the finest bit of printing on the road, and always drew a pot of money into the theatre. It aroused curiosity. Men wanted to know who was the man on the trap; how he came into such a horrible situation! Would he be launched into eternity, or would he be saved at the last moment?

Of course those more intimate with melodrama realised

at once that the victim was the hero, and looked upon it as a moral certainty that the faithful low comedian would appear at a certain window in the background in the nick of time.

The poster exercised a curious fascination over Stanley. Somehow it carried his mind back to a never-to-be-forgotten day when he had restlessly paced the condemned cell, under sentence of death. He shivered a little. He was glad that he had not been cast for the part of the man on the death-trap. It would have been too much like a chapter out of his own life. The next moment he was listening to the conversation of two of the gaping little crowd.

"It's a bit of a thriller, ain't it, Joe? Well, I shall 'ave a bob's worth to-morrow night. If it's only to see what 'appens."

"I shall be there too, right enough. I like to see something that makes your hair curl. But I tell you what, Dick, I shouldn't care to be the play-actor chap that plays that there part! What if something went wrong with the trap. It makes me turn sick to think of it. He'd be hanged in front of the audience!"

"Go on, stupid! Do you think they don't take precious good care that nothing of that sort would 'appen?"

Stanley waited to hear no more. When, after some little trouble, he succeeded in finding Hart Street, he was welcomed by Mrs. Gubbins, his landlady, a stout, garrulous old party, and ushered into the little sitting-room on the ground-floor, furnished with the usual wax artificial fruit, stuffed birds, horse hair chairs, and theatrical, autographed photos.

"I've got another one of your company lodging here, sir," said Mrs. Gubbins; "he's took the first-floor rooms."

"Oh, who's that?"

"Mr. Garside."

(To be continued.)

NOTE TO READERS.—This story began three weeks ago. Each back number may be obtained of any newsagent for one penny, or from this Office on receipt of two penny stamps.

HE IS A CONFESSED BRUTE.

A GENTLEMAN whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighbourhood in which he lives.

The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said:

"Good-morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening."

"I'm sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it don't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in the future."

DEFINING "NOTHING."

AN old Scottish farmer, being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can any o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gie me t'other dey for haudin' yer horse!"

MONKEY WORSHIP.

EXCEPT in India the monkey does not seem to have been regarded as sacred by any heathen people. But in central India the native, from the same motives as operate in his tiger veneration, regards the monkey as sacred and deems it a fearful crime to kill one.

Strange as it may seem, there is in England a case of a monkey so highly regarded as to be represented on the tombstone of its noble mistress, though why is not known. And of all places, this is at Windsor Castle.

In St. George's Chapel is the monument to the Countess of Lincoln, of bygone days, and carved with her ladyship's figure on the monument itself is the figure of her favourite pet—a monkey.

No wonder that the native Hindoo who visits this spot goes away with the idea that Englishmen, too, venerate his sacred animals.

MAMMA: "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Johnnie: "Well, then, I'll eat the rest of the pie now."

THIEF (to young man who discovered him under his bed): "Are you not ashamed of yourself? A young and strong fellow like you to look under the bed like a timid woman. You make me ashamed of my sex."

"UNCLE JERRY," asked his down-town relative, "how do you like your vermicelli soup?"

"The soup is good enough," replied Uncle Jerry from beyond the suburbs, "but it's a bit of a bother to have to take out all these strings."

MR. BACKWARD: "Well—er—yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune-teller."

Miss Coy: "To find out whom you will marry, eh?"

Mr. Backward: "Why—er—yes. I—"

Miss Coy: "Why not ask me, and save the fortune-teller's fee toward the price of the ring?"

RED LETTER DAYS.

A Chronicle of Interesting Events that have Happened this Week.

23rd August, 1305.—On this date Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scottish independence, was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges. He had been excluded from the peace granted by Edward to the Scottish Council of Regency in 1304, and every effort was made to secure his apprehension, which was effected through Alexander de Monteith, Governor of Dumbarton Castle. Wallace appeared at his trial, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because it was said that he had been a king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. On being accused of having been a traitor to the English crown, he answered: "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was condemned to suffer the doom of a traitor, and executed on the very same day at the common place of execution.

24th August, 1850.—Mr. Joseph Horner, sen., of Wakefield, having incidentally mentioned to a friend a report stated to be current in the town prejudicial to Miss Fernandez, that young lady, backed by her relatives, commenced proceedings against him in the Ecclesiastical Court. The Court ordered Mr. Horner to do penance in the church at Wakefield, as a punishment. The extraordinary ceremony took place on Sunday, August 24th, when Mr. Horner, in the presence of the Vicar and others, read an apology for the statements he had made. The event created great excitement in Wakefield.

25th August, 1848.—An emigrant ship, called the *Ocean Monarch*, was destroyed by fire near Liverpool. She had on board at the time 360 passengers, 178 of whom were drowned or burnt to death. The whole would have perished but for three or four vessels homeward and outward bound coming to their rescue. A female passenger, named Taylor, of Armley, near Leeds (who was joining her husband in America), in order to escape from the intolerable flames, bound her two children on her back and plunged with them into the sea; she held by the rigging until the waves had destroyed the lives for which she risked her own, and was at last only snatched from death herself by an Irishman loosing the rope which bound her treasures to her body, and so setting her free.

26th August, 55 B.C.—On this day the Romans for the first time landed in Britain; the expedition sailed from Portus Itius, which is believed to have been between Boulogne and Calais. After a passage of about ten hours, Caesar arrived on the coast of Britain, and beheld the cliffs of Kent covered with armed natives, who were evidently prepared to dispute his landing. For some time he hovered about the South Foreland, and then, favoured by wind and tide, sailed northwards to the flat beach which extends from Walmer Castle to Sandwich. Here also the Britons were drawn up in battle array, and greeted the new comers with cries and menaces. They did not confine themselves however to idle demonstration, for, on the Romans attempting to land, they resisted their advance with much spirit. The contest was severe, but of course terminated in the favour of the legions. After various misadventures Caesar refitted his vessels, and re-crossed the channel within three weeks from the period of his landing.

27th August, 1810.—The Barbary States of North Africa had for centuries been noted for the daring of their piratical rovers, and the Algerines had of late years captured many merchant-ships and fishermen in the Mediterranean. These unhappy people were made slaves and forced to work as rowers in the Algerine galleys. It was determined that this outrageous state of things should cease, and an English fleet, under Sir Edward Pellew (Lord Exmouth), sailed for Algiers, where they were joined by a Dutch squadron. The Dey of Algiers refused to release the captives whom he held, and ill-treated the British Consul. The English and Dutch ships, however, soon brought him to his senses. On the above date a tremendous bombardment took place, in which the formidable fortifications of Algiers were destroyed, with nine Algerine frigates, and great destruction of buildings and loss of life among the Algerine troops were caused in the town. The Dey now accepted the terms we dictated, releasing his Christian slaves, nearly 1,100 in number, and piracy in the Mediterranean became extinct.

28th August, 1879.—The capture of Cetewayo was effected by Major Marter, of the King's Dragoon Guards. The kraal where the King was concealed was situated by the side of a rocky stream, and Major Marter rode directly up to the entrance, calling upon Cetewayo to yield. "Enter, I am your prisoner," Cetewayo was heard to reply. As he might have to encounter a snare or some madness born of savage desperation, the major prudently declined this invitation and again summoned the King to come forth. Then the unfortunate Cetewayo, looking weak, weary, footsore, and very sick at heart, came out of the humble little kraal. With a certain amount of dignity he repelled a dragoon guardman who was about to seize him. "White soldier," he exclaimed, "touch me not; I surrender to your chief." The capture of the King ended the Zulu War.

29th August, 1750.—On this date was decided a bet of that original kind for which the Earl of March (subsequently fourth Duke of Queensberry) showed such a genius. It came off at Newmarket at seven o'clock in the morning. The feat undertaken by the Earl, in conjunction with the Earl of Eglintoun, on a wager for 1,000 guineas, against Mr. Theobald Taise, was to furnish a four-wheeled carriage, with four horses, to be driven by a man nineteen miles within an hour. Before the final carriage was decided on several others had been tried. Several horses were killed in the course of the preliminary experiments, which cost in all about £700. The two earls, however, won their thousand guineas, for the carriage performed the distance in 53 min. 27 sec., leaving fully time enough to have achieved another mile.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

A RAGGED woman was crossing the corner of a public park in a large city where the children of the poor are accustomed to play, many of them bare-footed.

A burly policeman stationed at the corner watched the woman suspiciously. Half way across she stopped and picked up something which she hid in her apron.

In an instant the policeman was by her side. With a gruff voice and threatening manner he demanded:

"What are you carrying off in your apron?"

The woman seemed embarrassed, and refused to answer. Thereupon the officer of the law, thinking that she had doubtless picked up a pocketbook which she was trying to make away with, threatened to arrest her unless she told him at once what she had in her apron.

At this the woman reluctantly unfolded her apron and disclosed a handful of broken glass.

In stupid wonder the policeman asked:

"What do you want with that stuff?"

A flush passed over the woman's face; then she answered simply:

"If you please, sir, I just thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet."

LIVING ON PUFFS.

A Self-advertiser Speaks.

I AM a self-advertiser, but not even my closest friends suspect the fact. To my judicious way of puffing myself I attribute most, if not all, of my success, socially, financially, and otherwise.

I have always dressed well, and have always tried to appear to spend much more money than I really do. But I am most careful in concealing my advertising tricks, and I am generally considered exceedingly modest and unassuming.

I got one of my very best puffs when the Imperial Yeomanry was being formed. I found out the requirements with regard to height, &c., and when I made sure that I was half-an-inch too short, I quietly announced my intention of joining. With much persuasion on my part (so I led my friends to understand), I had succeeded in obtaining my parents' consent. My employer promised to keep my place open for me. I was regarded as quite a hero by all my friends, and my enemies were green with envy.

I put off being examined as long as possible, in order that I might enjoy to the utmost the benefits arising from my advertising.

But at last I had to be examined, and the authorities were sorry that I was half-an-inch below the required height. I pretended to be in the dumps for days afterwards as the result of my supposed disappointment. Since then my employer has promoted me and increased my salary, for no other reason than the respect he has had for me since that puff.

I was living at the seaside one summer when I got another fine advertisement. Many of my acquaintances were staying in the other town. For a couple of sovereigns I got a clever female swimmer to pretend to be drowning at a fixed time and place.

The beach and pier were at that hour crowded with visitors, and we took care that the paid "rescue" was not near.

Suddenly a cry for help sounded from far out at sea! Flinging off my coat and hat I dashed to the rescue, and had no difficulty, though I appeared to have much, in bringing the lady ashore, for she was a better swimmer than myself.

The next part required tact. I earnestly begged those who helped us out of the water not to let anything about the rescue get into the papers; but at the same time I secretly despatched a paragraph belauding myself for my bravery to every important newspaper in the kingdom, and particularly to those of my own town.

But just the other day I tried to work off a thing, with a different result. I studied boxing, and became proficient at it; then I paid an old bull-dog-looking bruiser to come up and insult some ladies with whom I would be walking in a crowded street. He was to allow me to thrash him. We arranged the time and place, and everything worked smoothly till we were in the midst of the fight, and then the old pugilist forgot bargains, forgot everything except that he must win, and he "wiped the pavement" with me. Unfortunately, I had paid him in advance.

"Did you see that man we passed just now?"

"Yes."

"He's a sort of relative of mine."

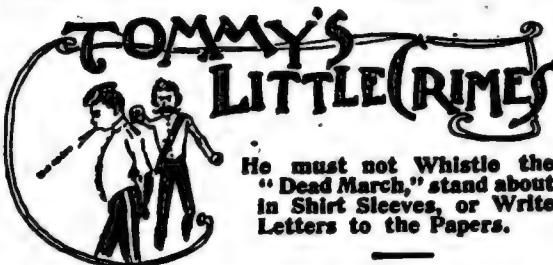
"Is he? How?"

"He married the girl I was engaged to."

"I HAVE heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot."

"She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shan't like."



He must not Whistle the "Dead March," stand about in Shirt Sleeves, or Write Letters to the Papers.

At any moment Tommy may find himself a prisoner for doing an innocent act, which an ordinary citizen can do, not merely with legality, but also with the knowledge that the whole force of the British Empire is theoretically at his back in order to enable him to, let us say, wear his hair in whatever fashion pleases him, or whistle any tunes he may think fit, always assuming that he does not cause annoyance to the public in so doing.

It is on account of this that such a large proportion of young soldiers are punished in the first few months of their service, usually for offences which the overwhelming majority of them did not believe to be in existence.

Most people imagine that an Englishman's house is his castle and that he can do what he likes in it, and come in and out whenever he pleases.

Should he be a soldier, however, he would find that the contrary was the case, and that he was under strict military discipline either in his own house or in lodgings. Hence, extraordinary as it may seem, a soldier living in lodgings may commit a crime by going out to buy a paper and may be punished for so doing!

This is an offence that frequently occurs amongst married men who, owing to absence of accommodation in barracks, have received permission to take lodgings in the town they are quartered in, where they live with their wives and families.

The shadow of crime is always over these men, who according to the Army Regulations, must not do quite a number of things an ordinary citizen does hourly. For instance, they must not go out after tattoo has sounded in the evening unless they have previously received leave; hence it will be seen that a soldier who leaves his own house is liable to arrest and punishment.

Even if he has received permission to go out, Tommy must be very careful and not run down the street for some tobacco in his shirt sleeves or stand at the door in hot weather without his tunic, or he will find that he has committed a crime!

The regulations say that he must always "appear in public exact in his dress," and exactness in dress in a soldier is defined by an infinite number of orders, to break any one of which may constitute a "crime."

Our boots are frequently a plague to us. Sometimes they wear down at heel with lightning-like rapidity or they press unduly upon a favourite corn.

We grumble and send them to the shoemaker or go on wearing them in the hope that they will get "used to our feet."

Just as if wearing badly fitting boots is not enough punishment, the Army authorities regard it as a breach of discipline, and woe betide the Tommy who is discovered wearing down-at-heel or tight boots.

Should the leather be hard he will also hear of it, for it is his duty to "keep the uppers soft with dubbin or vaseline."

A Tommy who shaves off his moustache is guilty of a grave offence, and soldiers with musical propensities must be careful what tunes they whistle. Should the mournful strains of the "Dead March" please them, and if they should try to while away the time by whistling that solemn harmony, they will find themselves confined to barracks for seven days!

In Ireland to whistle the "Wearin' o' the Green" is a military offence, and her late gracious Majesty endeared herself to the hearts of her Irish soldiers by ordering that the wearing of the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day to be no longer a crime.

Prior to this, several Irish soldiers were every year punished for wearing the emblem of their native land in defiance of the Army Regulations.

Men who are ardent politicians will find the Army somewhat irksome, as they must not attend political meetings, nor speak in public, nor censure or criticise the authorities.

A soldier must not write to the Press criticising or commenting on the authorities, and if he writes a private letter to his friends and they publish it he will be held responsible, and punished for a military "crime" in all probability.

Absurd as some of these "crimes" may appear to the non-military reader, most of them are really serious matters when the welfare of a regiment is considered. A soldier, for instance, with bad boots would be unable to march properly, and we know that battles are frequently won by marches.

Reverence for the departed is also inculcated by the regulations concerning whistling the "Dead March." Although some "crimes" are manifestly absurdities, still it would be difficult for the officers to preserve discipline were it not for regulations of the above nature.

WHY SHE WOULD NOT MARRY HIM.

THERE is perhaps no more unfair question than that which certain rejected swains are said sometimes to ask the object of their affection after a refusal:

"But why won't you marry me?"

A formula for a reply to a question of this sort is said to have been framed by a young woman who had to do with an importunate lover. She said:

"I would marry you but for three reasons."

"Tell me what they are," he implored, "that I may remove them."

Unhappily for him, she did tell him. The reasons were as she stated them:

"In the first place, I do not love you. In the second place, I do not want to love you. In the third place, I couldn't love you if I did want to."

Surely a reply so comprehensive should satisfy any reasonable man, even if it did tend to injure his self-esteem.

TRADE NOSE-POKERS.

How Uncle Sam Pokes his Nose into Other People's Business.

NEW YORK is the head-quarters of two huge agencies, each having branches in every township and settlement of the Republic, which engage for a fixed commission, or an annual subscription, to furnish information concerning the commercial standing of any man who applies for credit.

The detectives in the employ of these agencies do not in any way mince matters. They want something; they mean to have it and they get it.

Marching coolly into the office of a merchant, or a storekeeper, they will put him through a round of questions, as to the amount of his bank balance, his liabilities, and the money owing to him, and the market value of his business. The badgered object of all this dare not protest, the power of the agencies being such that it would not pay to kick their presumptuous emissaries out into the street. It is the other way about, the intrusive inquirer is politely received, and the information he demands is given with a good grace.

As the result of all this, and of corroborative inquiries, a report is made out, something in this style: "X. Y. Z. is worth \$5,000 outside bad debts, and up to the present has met his obligations. It would be inadvisable to give him credit beyond \$200 until his reliability has been proved.—A. B."

The financial position of almost every big house of business in the States is pilloried in a bulky volume, and published annually by each agency.

Yearly subscribers are entitled to a loan of this "Spy" book, which must be returned at the twelve months' end, in order that the new volume, issued in its place, may give up-to-date results.

The mode of classification adopted in this "Book of Doom" is understood at a glance. Big firms and business associations, such as Rockefeller's, Carnegies, and all the huge trusts, come under the head of A1, which means unlimited credit. A1 is very good, A2 good, B1 moderately good, and so on. A1 would satisfy an inquiring firm that their would-be client is worth anything under \$200,000, whilst B1 would indicate that the firm itself is only worth, say \$20,000.

These agencies do not confine their detective activity to the American continent. Branches in London and Paris are busy among those who seek credit with New York and Chicago; and also among those who have not the faintest intention of doing American business. Meddlesome curiosity, which may some day eventuate usefully, is the object in view.

Curiously enough, the agencies have many French clients, for as is well known, the two Republics do a large interchangeable trade. Wine, lace, silk, and *bric-à-brac* importers, and dressmakers, who buy enormously from the great Paris and Lyons firms, are a source of constant inquiry.

The system does not work badly, as was proved recently, when one of the largest dry-goods houses in New York went smash. French creditors, who were customers of one of the "spy" agencies, lost but a trifle compared with other firms.

The majority of commercial men in the States are not altogether in love with the system, inasmuch as it puts them at a ruinous disadvantage with the big trusts. They recognise the value of the agencies as among themselves; but there it ends.

A protective power to the individual trader, it is a deadly-weapon in the hands of the trusts, as the knowledge gained of the resources of the smaller fry enables the leviathans to stifle them out of existence. The Rockefeller Oil Trusts, the Carnegie steel corner, and many another bloated combination, owe it entirely to their detective agencies that their dominating position, be it temporary or permanent, in the commercial world to-day has been rendered possible.

But, however freely the work may be carried on in America, in France law and customs are a great protection against American methods on French soil. When, lately, one of their French agents made, on behalf of his employers, inquiries with regard to a Roubaix firm, he was promptly arrested, and mulcted by the magistrates in heavy damages and costs.

"You ought to rise with the lark."

"Well, if I had to perch all night on a cold twig, I suppose I'd be glad to."

BOTANICAL OLD GENT (in Brockwell Park): "Can you tell me if this plant belongs to the Arbutus family?"

Gardener (curtly): "No, sir, it don't; it belongs to the County Council."

"Miss SHARPE—Vera," he began, "you must know why I've been coming here so much; why I sit here in the parlour with you night after night, and—"

"I suppose, Mr. Pinchpenny," Miss Vera Sharpe interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than to take me out anywhere."

WHY MONEY SMELLS.

COINS fresh from the Mint have no smell, but after they have been in circulation for a short time they emit a characteristic odour. Why is this?

Metals do not give forth an odour of themselves—or, at any rate, not one that can be detected in the state in which we generally handle them; the smell, as a matter of fact is due to the chemical action of the acids that exude from our hands. Take a bronze coin, clean it and lay it on a clean surface in the air; it will emit no smell. Handle it for a minute or so, and you will detect the familiar odour of pennies and half-pennies. Silver has a different odour from copper after handling.

Aluminium, tin and zinc will emit the same kind of smell when rubbed with the hand, but this is not like the smell of bronze or copper, which, again, are alike.

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HE: "It may be for you, but it will take me a year to pay the bills."

MIDGET: "The petrified man says he'll leave unless the manager come to terms."

Living Skeleton: "What's his idea?"

Midget: "Says he could make more money letting people sharpen their cutlery on his form."

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"Well," said the guest, smacking his lips as he laid down his glass, "it reminds me of a good story."

"Let's have it."

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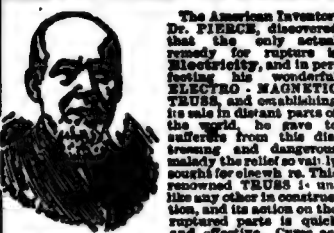
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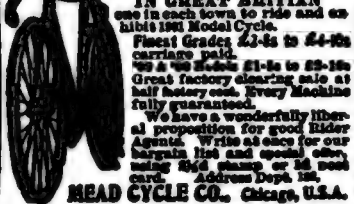


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whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

After the Head has been Shampooed, whenever possible, give the head a sun-bath.

Polish Fireirons with pure paraffin, as you object to powder, and rub afterwards with a soft cloth. (Reply to IONA.)

Another Wart Cure is sent by a correspondent who has tried it very successfully. Apply three times a day nitric acid to the warts, taking great care that none runs down on the flesh. After five minutes wash off, continue this till the warts have disappeared. (Reply to M. E. F.)

Polish for Kid and Box-calf Boots. Beat up the whites of two eggs with an equal quantity of cold water and a lump of sugar candy finely crushed. This should be quite transparent and not sticky, and is equally good for all kinds of fine leather. (Reply to SUNDERLAND.)

Inexpensive Ice Cream. Take a quart of new milk, place a pint and a half in a pan on the stove, and let it heat gradually. With the other half-pint make a good custard, using three eggs and thickening it with two ounces of cornflour. When the milk approaches boiling point add the cold custard, stirring constantly while it cooks very slowly. Sweeten and flavour highly and freeze in the ordinary way. (Reply to GUNTON.)

To Preserve French Beans. Top, tail, and string the beans. Put a layer of salt one inch deep in a stone jar, then alternate layers of salt and beans. These sink, and so fresh can be added, when convenient, till the jar is full. Put a few clean stones at the top of the beans to keep all under the brine. When required for use, soak the beans for twenty-four hours; cut in slices and boil as usual without salt. (Reply to MOSLEY.)

How Little Can a Couple Marry on? If this query has never bothered you, there are many folks to whom it has caused much thought. That is the kind of question which you will find discussed in HOME NOTES this week. But more solid information is by no means neglected. Advice to mothers is a special feature of the paper; hints about furnishing and notes about holiday tours will also be found therein. The Society paragraphs are quite the most reliable, and the cookery column cannot be beaten. You need only spend a penny on HOME NOTES (any Friday) in order to find out the excellence of that little paper.

Try Vegetable Marrow Preserve made as follows, and you will be rewarded for your trouble. When the marrow is perfectly ripe cut them and set in a dry place for a few weeks that the sap may evaporate. Peel the marrow and remove the seeds. To every six pounds of pulp cut in squares an inch thick allow six pounds of best preserving sugar and two lemons sliced. Let these ingredients stand for twenty-four hours, then put into a preserving pan with two ounces of bruised ginger and one drachm of chillies tied in a piece of muslin. Take out the ginger after an hour's boiling. Boil the rest slowly till all is clear. This is a most inexpensive preserve and one that is especially good in puddings. (Reply to HOUSEWIFE.)

To Bottle Plums. Gather the fruit when ripe and dry, rejecting any that is split and bruised. Fill the bottles with the selected plums, shake into each large bottle five ounces of caster sugar, and afterwards tie over each with bladder. Set the bottles upright in a fish-kettle, or a large sauce-pan of cold water, and place a little hay under and between each bottle to prevent them breaking. Let the water boil gently till the fruit appears cooked. Moisten the bladders from time to time to prevent their bursting. Take the pan off the fire and let it stand till the water is quite cold, then wipe the bottles dry and set aside till needed. N.B.—Should the bladder burst, immediately cover with a fresh piece of bladder, duly moistened. (Reply to M. B.)

Remove Tar from Serge. Apply to the stains with a piece of flannel successive applications of coal-tar turpentine, naphtha, and benzine. If the stains are very old they should first be rubbed with a flannel dipped in salad oil. (Reply to F. H.)

To Renovate Collar of Black Coat, dilute a tablespoonful of ammonia with the same quantity of quite boiling water. With a piece of black cloth rub this solution on to the affected part, changing the surface of the rubber constantly. Hang in the air, and when dry brush thoroughly. (Reply to H. J. B.)

Keeping Valuable Feathers entails a certain amount of work; the case must constantly be emptied out, carefully brushed, and then a little naphtha mixed with an equal quantity of turpentine applied with a feather to all corners. Put pieces of camphor where they will not show, and dust lightly with insect powder. Have the case closed as tightly as possible. (Reply to EICHL.)

To Whiten Discoloured Boards. The following recipe is sent by a reader who has used it with great advantage on stained and discoloured boards: Dissolve a pennyworth of oxalic acid in about half a pint of boiling water, let it get cold. When scrubbing tables, etc., sprinkle a little of this solution on to the boards from a phial bottle. (Thanks to M. BONES.)

Lemon Cheesecake Mixture. This mixture, if put into pots and tied down like ordinary preserve, will keep good for months; when required for use mix a portion with some spongecake crumbs, or a French roll soaked in milk and drained. Put four ounces of fresh butter in a sauce-pan and when dissolved add one pound of caster sugar, the grated rinds and juice of three lemons, the yolks of six fresh eggs, and the whites of three well-beaten. Mix and stir in the sauce-pan over the fire till the mixture is as thick as cream. (Reply to CHORLEY.)

Tomato Chutney. To each pound of ripe tomatoes freed from skin, allow one pound of sharp green apples, one ounce of salt, one ounce of brown sugar, quarter of an ounce of ground ginger, and one clove of garlic. Peel, core, and chop the apples finely, and set them in a lined pan over a clear fire to simmer with three-quarters of a pint of vinegar. When cooked and smooth, add the tomatoes and again simmer until a creamy pulp. Then add sugar, salt, garlic, ginger, and cayenne pepper at discretion. Simmer for ten minutes, adding more vinegar if the pulp seems too dry. Let the mixture cool, then store in tiny glass pots (these preserved meats are sold in, with a lid, are most suitable). Tie over with bladder so as to exclude all air. (Reply to N. B. S.)

Pot Pourri should be made at once, when the rose leaves are nice and dry. Take a large quantity of fresh rose leaves, dry them in the sun, turn about constantly, so that all will get perfectly dry and crisp, add sweet-scented geranium, lemon verbena, honeysuckle, lavender, etc., all of which must be thoroughly dried. After about a fortnight, pepper the leaves with powderedorris root, cinnamon and bay salt; about a tablespoonful of each will be required. Then add twenty drops of oil of cloves, ditto lavender, half that quantity of oil of cinnamon, and as much oil of musk as you feel inclined to spend on your pot pourri. This last is the most expensive item in the preparation. Stir all together and set in a wide mouthed jar. For the first two years, stir the leaves constantly. Keep the pot pourri in a dry place and each year you will be more charmed with its fragrant aroma. (Reply to LILLIAN.)

Piccalilli made as follows will, I feel sure, prove what you desire. Slice a sound-hearted white cabbage and a boiled beetroot, divide a cauliflower into small branches, and take a few gherkins and kidney beans. Lay all the vegetables in a sieve and scatter them with salt and expose to the sun for four days. By this time the water will be extracted from them. Then lay the vegetables in a stone jar, scattering mustard seed freely amongst them. To each gallon of best vinegar add one ounce and a half of tumeric and three ounces of sliced garlic. Boil all together, and while the liquor is still hot pour over the vegetables. Let them remain ten days or a fortnight near the fire, the top of the jar covered closely with paper. By this time the vegetables will have become quite yellow, and taken up a large quantity of the vinegar. Then boil three quarts of white wine vinegar with one ounce and a half of white pepper, one ounce and a half of mace, and one ounce and a half each of nutmegs, cloves, and long pepper for ten minutes. Skim thoroughly, and pour over the pickles. Tie the jar down tightly with bladder. This pickle will be ready for eating in two months. (Reply to K. RISE.)

Isobel

SHOULD A MAN BE TALLER THAN HIS WIFE?

The Sorrows of Short Men. By a Tall Man.

If an analysis of the unhappy marriages in the British Isles was made, there is little doubt that one of the most prolific reasons for domestic infelicity would be the lack of stature on the part of the husbands!

Women like to have someone to "look up" to. How can they look up to a diminutive mannikin of a man? The mere fact of a man being shorter than his wife will lessen her respect for him, and we all know that, once respect declines, love very soon vanishes.

Curious to state, a short man never feels his inferiority during his courtship days. It bursts, however, upon him on the fatal day of his wedding. He feels it the moment he enters, dressed in his best, the church, where his bride, her inches artificially enhanced by the bridal veil and train, awaits him.

As he proudly walks up the aisle a subdued snigger strikes his ears, and then he realises that he is the cause of it, and that he presents a ridiculous appearance hanging on to the arm of his tall and stately bride!

That is the first blow he receives, and if he were wise and courageous he would refuse to go on with the ceremony and save himself while there is yet time.

Unfortunately he lacks the moral courage, and so enters deliberately on a long career of martyrdom. After the wedding breakfast, just as he is about to start on the honeymoon tour, his wife sheds a few tears as she bids good-bye to her mother. "Come, come, my little pet," he murmurs soothingly, and she attempts to nestle on his shoulder unsuccessfully, because it is he, not she, who is little!

This is a painful experience for them both and they arrive at their destination feeling bored and annoyed with each other.

At the hotel the guests greet them with the stare and the servants with the grin which is always reserved for newly-married couples, and which in itself is a trying ordeal, even when the husband is tall and dignified. The crushed feeling, however, which this reception imparts to a short man has to be experienced to be properly sympathised with. He feels that he is being ridiculed because he looks little beside a gawky woman in a travelling costume, and we all know that it is ridicule that kills.

In sheer desperation he makes some transparent excuse and leaves his wife "only for a minute." He goes to the bar for a drink to restore his courage. It has the opposite effect. He takes another, then he hears the chink of a billiard ball, and he thinks that "fifty up will soothe his nerves, and Louisa will never know."

In the billiard room he feels much better. When he is away from his wife no one notices his inches, and he plays and plays until he finds that hours have elapsed.

In sincere penitence he rushes to his wife, whom he finds in tears. He endeavours to comfort her and is told he is an "odious little creature."

This is the last straw, and the poor fellow retires to rest convinced that marriage, at all events, for short men, is a failure!

How different marriage is for tall men! What a buzz of admiration goes through the church as the bridegroom strides proudly along with the bride clinging to his arm. How beautifully his wife nestles against him during the railway journey, and how delighted he feels when he overhears the barmaid say to her companion in the hotel:

"What a noble looking fellow!"

"Ha! that will let Lucy see that she has secured a magnificent match," he thinks to himself, and the reflection causes him to be in a magnificent good-humour for the remainder of the honeymoon.

All through his married life he is constantly flattered by little appeals from his wife and allusions to his height.

"Oh do reach me that book off the shelf, dear; I can't get at it unless I stand on a chair"; or, "Do tell what's going on. I can't see through the crowd; but you're so tall, dear, you can look over their heads," are requests which are constantly made to him, and which flatter his vanity immensely.

The poor short man, however, is constantly being reproved, frequently in public, not for his faults, but for his littleness.

"Here, get me that jug. Oh, never mind, I'll get it myself; it's on the top shelf and you can't reach it, and your boots spoil the chairs whenever you stand on them," his better half will say in a contemptuous manner, and the poor man will feel humiliated for a week.

The moral of this is obvious. Men who wish their married lives to be happy should choose brides at least four inches shorter than themselves.

FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

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SEA BATHING & DEAF PEOPLE.

Should people affected with ear diseases bathe in the sea? The subject at this time of the year is not without interest, and useful hints may be given to many who are unaware of the influence that bathing exercises on the organ of the ear when it is diseased, or when a predisposition to disease exists.

In the first place, it should be remembered that cold water, and especially salt water, must never be allowed to pass into the ear; the neglect of proper precautions to prevent this occurring often causes catarrh or inflammation of the ear. It is therefore advisable for all who have sensitive ears to carefully plug the hole of the ear with cotton wool before entering the water. A waterproof cap may also be used with advantage. According to the temperature of the water, bathing may be beneficial, or may prove otherwise. As a rule, when a catarrhal condition of the ear exists, it is wise to abstain entirely from river or sea bathing; but baths of warm or tepid salt water, once every two or three days, followed by a vigorous rubbing all over the body, will have favourable effects.

Sea or river bathing protects the system against catarrhal attacks, when there is merely a predisposition to the disease, but it is usually injurious when the catarrhal process has already set in.

As exceptions to the general rule, these baths have been found beneficial in chronic cases of dry catarrh, but as in other similar cases they have aggravated the deafness and increased the noises in the ear, the experiment can hardly be recommended.

Sea bathing is excellent for the scrofulous. When, however, they are suffering from an ear disease, baths are frequently very injurious, and have been found to produce an attack of inflammation in cases where the cure seemed almost complete. People whose ears discharge must totally refrain from bathing; if by any chance salt water, or even ordinary cold water, were to penetrate the ear when a perforation of the drum exists, the result would be most serious.

In short, sea bathing cannot be recommended to persons affected with ear diseases. In the very few cases where no injurious effects would result from it the benefit derived, as far as deafness is concerned, can only be problematic. A reason which would also show that the seaside is not quite suitable as a health resort for deaf people, unless due precautions be taken, is, that on account of the strong winds which are nearly always prevalent, the danger of contracting colds or getting into draughts is greater. On the other hand, a change from town to country will always be beneficial. The impure air breathed in offices, shops, and workrooms favours the development of the affections of the throat, nasal passages, and middle ear. A residence of a few weeks in a part of the country where the atmosphere is pure, fresh, and dry is sure to be of benefit, hilly or upland country being especially recommended.

The condition of deaf people greatly depends on the observance of certain rules of hygiene. In the August number of the "Journal for the Deaf" is to be found much interesting information on the subject, under the heading: "General advice in regard to hygiene."

A copy of this publication, under cover, may be obtained free of charge, on sending a post-card to the Editor, 72 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. All persons affected in any way with the Ear, Nose, or Throat are strongly advised to read this paper.

In the "Journal for the Deaf," the description is given of Drouet's system of treatment of chronic ear diseases, of which deafness is the consequence. It is enough to read the report of the cures which have been effected by this treatment to realise the fame which now attaches to the name of the Drouet Institute. For, not only have many cures been obtained in long standing cases after a very short treatment, but the system has also proved entirely successful in completely restoring the hearing of people who had been previously treated without avail, and who, in consequence, had given up the hope of ever being relieved.

Two instances of the curability of ear disease by the Drouet method, after failure of the ordinary treatment used by aural specialists, are shown in the following cases, and many others will be found in the August number of the paper referred to above.

Mr. R. J. Harris, of Newquay, Cornwall, submitted his case on May 2nd, 1901, to the Drouet Institute. He had been suffering for about two years with deafness, could hear the tick of a watch only an inch from the left ear, and could not hear it at all with the right ear. He often had painful gatherings in the ears, which broke and discharged. There was a continuous noise in the ears, with nervousness and occasional attacks of dizziness. The nose and throat were affected by catarrhal discharges, and the voice was husky. Altogether a difficult and obstinate case to treat on account of the complications. He further stated that he had been under treatment by an aural specialist, but had been receiving the slightest benefit.

On May 7th Mr. Harris began the Drouet treatment, prescribed for him by the consulting surgeon, and continued until June 16th, when he pronounced himself cured, in the following letter:

8 Acland Gardens, Tower Road, Newquay,
Cornwall, June 16th, 1901.

I have much pleasure in informing you I can hear perfectly well; the discharges from the ear have stopped, the nose is quite clear, and the throat entirely well. I feel

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AGENTS WANTED.

grateful for the relief your treatment has given me, and I will recommend to you anybody who suffers from the same complaint.—Thanking you for your kind attention, I am, yours truly,

R. J. HARRIS.

It may surprise many to see that a radical cure was effected after a specialist had failed to bring about at least a lasting relief. However, the thing is far from being uncommon, and is fully corroborated by many other similar instances, some of which are quoted in the "Journal for the Deaf."

The second case is the following:

Miss J. P., Newcastle-on-Tyne, was afflicted for thirty years with a chronic inflammation of the middle ear which produced deafness and continual discharge. Miss P. placed herself under the treatment of a leading ear specialist, who finally dismissed her case as incurable, attributing the failure to obtain relief to constitutional causes. In this condition of poor health and suffering great annoyance from noises in the head, deafness, and a constant discharge from the ears, she began the Drouet treatment, and after a few weeks reported, in the following letter to the Institute, a complete cure had been accomplished:

Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 1st, 1901.

I deferred writing for a short time to see if my ears continued in a satisfactory condition. I am satisfied with them, so shall not require any more treatment.

I thank you for much kind attention during treatment, and especially appreciate the results, as my case was chronic, and had been under other treatment formerly without obtaining the benefit I now enjoy.—Yours truly,

J. P.

The full name and address of this person will be gladly given privately by the Drouet Institute to any applicant.

The question may now be asked: Why does the Drouet treatment succeed when others have failed? For the following reason:

With a few exceptions chronic deafness is the consequence of diseases having their seat in the labyrinth or the middle ear. Now, the labyrinth or internal ear, as it is also called, is totally inaccessible, no instrument can reach it, and, therefore, no manual assistance can be rendered.

As for the middle ear, it is so situated between the tympanic membrane and the nasal passages, that practically the only direct means of treating its morbid conditions consists in insufflations of air or medicated vapours through the nose by means of special apparatus. Liquids are also sometimes prescribed to be sniffed up. But, as well may be surmised, such methods are only superficial. This explains the common belief long held among the medical practitioners themselves that chronic deafness was always incurable.

A French aurist, Dr. Drouet, of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, realising the fact that the aid of surgery was thus precluded in most cases of deafness, set himself to the study of outward applications, intended to reach the internal structures of the ear by means of the absorbent properties of the skin, and succeeded in establishing a curative treatment, based on applications, made on the mastoid apophysis, behind the ear, of a preparation having the property of acting inwardly by progressive impregnation. In this way the diseased parts, which could not be reached from outside, are gradually penetrated by the chemical elements which compose this emplastie preparation, and the organ may thus be restored to a healthy condition. The plasters need only be worn at night after retiring to bed, and do not blister the skin. Needless to say that adjuvant treatment is also used in conjunction with these external applications according to the requirements of each case.

It is thus that cases which remain, or would remain, uninfluenced by the ordinary methods, that provide no means of acting effectively on the middle and internal ear, are cured by the Drouet treatment.

A typical case presenting a perfect cure of a common form of deafness in children is reported by Mr. Isa Fawcett.

Mr. Isa Fawcett, in presenting his son's case, made the following statement: "Previous to writing you I saw a specialist in Newcastle, who said the boy's deafness was caused by obstruction, which could only be removed by an operation. I may state that the patient talks very much through his nose, frequently sneezes, but without bringing any discharge whatever from his nose, sleeps with his mouth open, and snores very much; seems to breathe constantly through his mouth, and when told to keep his mouth shut complains that he cannot get his breath."

Appropriate treatment was prescribed according to the Drouet method, and after being faithfully carried out at home for a few weeks, under the careful supervision of the consulting surgeon, by means of frequent correspondence, Mr. Fawcett was able to make the following report:

4 Westbourne Avenue, Gateshead-on-Tyne, July 1st, 1901.

I consider my son, quite cured of his deafness, indeed, although only a child, he often speaks of the benefit he has derived from the Drouet treatment. All his previous bad symptoms of the nose, throat, and ears have entirely disappeared, and he now hears the watch a long distance away from him. I therefore add my testimony to the hundreds of others as to the efficacy of the treatment.—I am, yours truly,

ISA FAWCETT.

A few more instances of cures effected lately by the Drouet Institute are hereafter given:

Miss Agnes Bissett, 14 Belgrave Street, Glasgow, who was deaf from childhood, presents an illustration of the results of neglect of discharges from the ears. As long ago as she can remember there was a running from both her ears, and the deafness which began in early life has been increasing gradually.

When Miss Bissett wrote to the Drouet Institute and submitted her case on the Pathological Report Form, provided by the secretary, she was greatly troubled by the deafness, and at times by the discharge, which was of bad odour.

She placed herself under treatment at home, following the prescription sent her by the consulting surgeon in his letter of advice on May 21st, 1901.

On June 7th she wrote, describing her improvement as most satisfactory. Again, on June 18th, that there was very little of the deafness left, and that the discharge had ceased, and a third time, in response to a letter from the Institute, as follows:

14 Belgrave Street, Glasgow, June 26th, 1901.

I have pleasure in writing to inform you that my hearing has become so perfect during the last week that I don't think I require any more treatment. I shall be most happy to recommend the Drouet Institute to anyone I know suffering from deafness.—I am yours very truly,

A. BISSETT.

The case of Mr. Fred. Shaw, 25 years of age, living at 32 Willow Lane, Huddersfield, Yorks, shows the necessity for carefully watching the hearing when a cold in the head has been taken. He attributes the beginning of his ear trouble to a succession of bad colds which he had some years ago, and which left his ears very susceptible to changes of temperature. When he presented his case to the Drouet Institute for treatment by correspondence, the deafness was very troublesome, and there were occasional attacks of earache, with intermittent discharge.

All of these conditions were subject to severe aggravations by frequent colds in the head.

Mr. Shaw began the course of treatment prescribed by the Drouet Institute on May 9th, 1901, and the two letters which follow show that he obtained a complete cure:

32 Willow Lane, Huddersfield, June 9th, 1901.

With regard to my case, I am thankful to report a complete restoration of hearing, but the discharge has not entirely gone. It seems quite strange for me to go out of doors and hear everything that is said to me, also the singing of birds and the striking of public clocks at a very great distance.—I remain, yours thankfully,

F. SHAW.

Huddersfield, June 25th, 1901.

Your letter of 24th to hand. With regard to my case I think I can safely say that under the Drouet treatment I have obtained a complete cure; the discharge and the noises have entirely ceased, and my hearing is good enough for anything.—Yours sincerely,

F. SHAW.

Mr. E. J. T., of Fordingbridge, Hants, had been afflicted for years by deafness, and when he placed the treatment of his ear trouble in charge of the consulting surgeon there were many complications. He complained much of buzzing sounds in the head, of discharges from the ears, and of tenderness and itching of the ears. He could hear a watch tick only a few inches from each ear.

Within four days after beginning the Drouet treatment he experienced an improvement in the hearing, and within a few weeks' time Mr. T. reported that the noises had ceased, all tenderness and discharge had disappeared, and that he could hear a watch tick with either ear when held at the most distant part of a large room.

Still later in response to an inquiry from the Institute as to the condition of his ears, the following reply was received:

Fordingbridge, Hants, June 14th, 1901.

I am very pleased to inform you that my deafness is now completely cured. Since last Sunday I have been able to hear most wonderfully the town clock. A little while ago I thought it grand to hear it strike at a distance of about fifty yards, but to my surprise I heard it strike yesterday over three miles away.

No relapse in my hearing has occurred, indeed, the change is wonderful. The discharge from the ears has stopped. The nose is much better; I have no cause to blow it now, and can breathe quite freely. My throat has not been sore since starting the Drouet treatment. I have no more noises in the head, and I feel like a different person altogether since my cure.—I remain, yours truly,

E. J. T.

Note.—The Drouet Institute have been authorised to give the full name and address privately to any applicant.

A special feature of the Drouet treatment is that patients who cannot come to London to be examined are enabled, however, to receive advice by filling up a pathological report form, which allows them to state explicitly their case. This form may be had, free of charge, with a copy of the "Journal for the Deaf," by writing to the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 72 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. In fact, all the persons whose cures have just been reported were treated by means of the pathological form, and never saw the consulting surgeon who prescribed for them.

It is, however, always advisable when possible, to be personally examined at the Drouet Institute, 72 Regent's Park Road, N.W., where consultations are held daily, except Sunday, from two to four in the afternoon. Special consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. For all personal consultations a fee is charged. Any advice by correspondence is absolutely free, as are also the consultations given by means of the report form.

To place beyond all doubt the authenticity of the testimonial letters to which reference has been made, they have been placed in the autograph room at the Drouet Institute, where they may be seen, amongst hundreds of others from former patients who have been successfully treated. This room is open to the public every day, except Sunday, from nine a.m. till five p.m.

ACHING MUSCLES—PAINFUL LIMBS SORE JOINTS—IT'S RHEUMATISM!

Sovereign Rheumatism Cure—That's the Cure! Not a doubt about it! Not because we say so, but because thousands, who have been cured by this remedy, will tell you so. Ask Mr. G. Strong, Chapel Green, Wokingham, 74 years old, cured of sciatic rheumatism after 8 years of suffering; or Mrs. E. Miller, 6 Henry Street, Chatham, who not only testifies to a cure in her case, but writes that several of her friends have been cured. Their testimony will speedily convince you that the

SOVEREIGN RHEUMATISM CURE

is an absolute cure for rheumatism. It gives quick relief from rheumatic aches and muscular pains, promptly causes disappearance of swellings, inflammation of the joints, and makes a complete cure of every form of acute or chronic rheumatism, gouty rheumatism, specific rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago. Try a 1/4 bottle, and you will find the cure beginning at once. Any Sovereign Remedy at all leading chemists at 1/4, or post free from I.M.A. Ltd., 13 Newman Street, London, W.

A GOOD WIND UP.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

A. W. is a newsagent of Edinburgh, and went to Innerleithen for his holidays. This town has a population of 2,500, and four good-sized stationers' shops, yet none of these displayed a newspaper bill or placard, either inside or outside. A.W. asks if any reader can tell of a similar state of matters in any other town of this size, and I shall be glad to give a pencil-case to each of the twenty-five persons whose postcards first arrive.

NED writes: "A young man becomes acquainted with a young lady. She is very good-looking, amiable, affectionate, and thoroughly domesticated, but he finds that she is left-handed—even writes that way. Would there be any serious objection to a left-handed wife?"—None whatever. I know two excellent young wives who are left-handed, and whose domestic work doesn't seem to suffer in the least. If, as I suspect, you are the "young man" to whom you refer, all I can say is, go in and win.

I HAVE picked out of a most uninteresting letter from P. J. H. an expression to which I strongly object. He calls me "Dear Old Buck." I am neither an old buck nor any other sort of wild beast—except an editor. Some people were not present when tact was being doled out, and P. J. H. seems to be one of these. You have to be very tactful in addressing an editor, especially one who has reached such a sensitive age as prohibits him from capering about in the fulness of manhood. You can call him your "dear young friend," or "saucy young chappie," and he will look upon you as a true and noble friend; but "old buck"—no. I strongly resent it, P. J. H. Don't ever do it again.

J. S. F., a thinking boy of Dundee, took a bath the other morning, and into the bath he took a small pudding basin. He then observed that a large amount of pressure was necessary to push the inverted basin below the surface, and the idea struck him that in order to ride on water it was only necessary for him to take a tricycle and to fix to the rim of each wheel, mouth upward, a number of cone shaped vessels. When each struck the water it would be a matter of a few seconds before it began to sink, and before it did so it would be raised by the revolution of the wheel, and the next pudding basin would be in contact with the water. In this way, according to my young correspondent, it would be possible for anyone on this pudding-basin tricycle to take a spin along the sea.

KATIPUNAN writes from Roumania: "In July, 1898, having managed to get out of Manila during the blockade, taking with me a few things (amongst others a copy of P.W., which I receive regularly) I happened to be in Cavite at the time that General Anderson and the first U.S.A. troops disembarked there. Talking one day with an officer, who was in command of a gang of native labourers, he mentioned

that 'he guessed he'd make those all-fired niggers dig straighter if he only knew how many centimeters there were in a yard' (the decimal system is, of course, in use there). My P.W. was soon hauled out from among my belongings, and compared with a meter tape. So, you see, P.W. has assisted the U.S. Army!"

W. K., who has been ill in bed, amused himself by counting the number of words in a recent issue of P.W., and discovered that they totalled up to 60,875. This exciting fact you may bear in mind when next you read your P.W., and ponder on the wonderful advance which has been made which enables you to obtain, for just one copper, so huge a budget of reading matter.

H. L. T. has an eight day clock, which seems to vary according to the temperature of the air. In winter it loses, while in summer it gains, and H. L. T. wants to know if this may be attributed to bad workmanship.

Not at all. Eight day clocks should go in winter as in summer, and if there is any irregularity at all it may be attributed to the bad oil which the maker used in the first instance. This would vary with the temperature, and consequently would affect the working of the clock.

SEVERAL readers have told me of other towns than Blaengarw and Ommpare which are "so near and yet so far." For example: The distance between Felixstowe and Harwich is about a mile across the river Orwell, but to get from one place to the other by train you have to travel thirty-seven miles, occupying three hours, instead of by sea, about fifteen minutes. The distance from Swange to Bournemouth by water is about seven miles, but by rail it is fifty-nine miles.

A. R. J., curiously enough, tells me of a unique postal arrangement which exists between the village of Albaston and Metherill—one mile away. "If you post a letter from the former village to the latter it goes the following round. It is carried by postman to Gunnislake—1½ miles, mail cart from Gunnislake to Tavistock—4 miles, rail from Tavistock to Plymouth—16 miles, rail from Plymouth to Saltash—4½ miles, mail cart from Saltash to St. Melvin—6 miles, postman from St. Melvin to Metherill—8 miles. Total distance, 39½ miles. Taking into consideration that the postman makes Metherill his last call on a long round, the letter travels forty miles for one mile. It would be interesting to know if there are any other such postal absurdities in existence."

H. R. asks which is the safest way to have windows during a thunderstorm, open or shut. The general impression seems to be that it is advisable to open all the windows and doors in a house in order that the electric fluid may flow in and out without suffering any inconvenience. This, however, is a mistake. If you open your windows you create a current of air which is likely to attract the fluid if it happens to be passing your house. The current draws it in, and after playing about the house and knocking a few people down, it makes its exit from another open window or door. If you keep your windows shut the chances of the fluid passing by without calling are greatly enhanced.

THE Captain, officers, and men of H.M.S. Camperdown have kindly subscribed fifteen guineas to the FRESH AIR FUND, thus enabling us to take nearly 400 children to Loughton on September 10th, "Camperdown day."

THE following firms have sent cheques to the Editor of the DAILY EXPRESS sufficient to pay for a full party of 200 little ones—in some cases more than 200—to have a FRESH AIR FUND outing. The dates on which these excursions took place are placed after each name. Reckitt and Sons, August 6th; J. S. Fry and Sons Ltd., August 7th; Lever Bros. Ltd., August 8th; Shredded Wheat Co., August 9th; Jeyes Sanitary Compounds Co. Ltd., August 12th; Brown and Polson, August 13th; A. and F. Pears Ltd., August 15th; Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Ltd., August 21st; Hinde's Hair Curlers Ltd., August 22nd; Fleming, Reid and Co. Ltd., August 23rd.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,369 2s. 10d.

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New Zealand Stamps, 10d.; Well Wishers (Kirkcaldy P.E.), 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; Gladys Compigne, 3d.; B. Fothergill, 21s. 2d.; M. E. Robertson, 3d.; Mrs. W. Dobble, 10s.; Mrs. L. Galloway's School, 5s. 1d.; Anon., 2s.; George, Edgar, and Harry Kerr, 1s.; Arthur, 3d.; Louise, 2s. 6d.; O. Starnes, 1s.; A Few Friends (Auchincroft), 2s. 6d.; A. Waddington, 2s. 3d.; Marjorie Crighton, 1s. 6d.; A. Brock, 1s. 6d.; J. B. Hamblen, 1s.; G. L. Trustum, 3d.; Master's Mite, 10s. 6d.; E. G. McIntyre, 3d.; C. J. M., 3d.; M. G. A., 2s.; J. W. 2s.; Five Absent-Minded Beggars, 12s. 6d.; W. A., 3s.; J. King, 1s. 6d.; Victor and Leslie Davis, 2s.; H. H. Pearce, 4s. 6d.; Gregory Arms Box, 7s.; G. S., 7s.; Two of Us, 1s. 6d.; W. Fortnes, 2s.; Sergt. Major G. Clark and Vigors, 2s.; J. H. B. S., 10s. 6d.; C. De'cey, 14s.; Mrs. Simpkins, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Frowline (Ayrshire), 10s.; T. Morris, 2s. 6d.; Lee's Hill, 2s.; Fred Seldon, 1s. 6d.; Hard Hearted, 2s.; Mrs. T. Gord, 1s. 6d.; H. B. Goldthorpe, 1s.; One and a Third, 1s.; "Glen Tilt," 1s.; Mr. Cecil Hayward, 15s.; A. A. Goodyear, 3d.; W. E. S., 3d.; Error, 2s.; J. H., 2s.; B. V. S., 2s.; J. L. E., 2s.; E. A. Woolrich, 1s.; H. A. M., 2s. 6d.; Lily and Willy, 2s. 6d.; L. H. Powell, 21s.; Miss Melmore, 3d.; Cross How Dundee, 2s. 6d.; In Jones, 2d.; G. Lee, 2s.; K. L. W., 1s.; M. E. Lavelock, 21s.; J. E. Deachard, 10s.; Lobber, 2s. 3d.; Durrow, 4s. 6d.; W. G. B., 1s. 6d.; E. T., 1s. 6d.; E. B., 3d.; E. B., 3d.; M. A. McG., 9d.; R. McF. Bell, 3d.; Edgar Best, 21s. 10s.; M. W. Jamieson, 2s.; E. T. Allan, 3d.; Ten Per Cent., 4s.; Mrs. Yunta, 2s.; Well Wisher, 1s.; E. Kinan, 2s.; Sunlight, 1s.; Frank C. Starnes, 1s.; Anon (Dundee), 2s.; Enance from Dance, T. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Barbara, 3d.; A. Hollies, 2s.; Advocates of Fresh Air, 2s.; H. E. Gidinger, 2s.; Mr.

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Grand (P.W.) Total, £2,537 1s. 6d.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence. One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that notice of death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for P.W. should send this advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, not later than the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper's receipt to the publisher or to the page, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in each case.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Printed by HORACE COX, Queen's Buildings, E.C. and Published by C. GUTHRIE FRANKLIN LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Result of School Attendance Prizes.

Competition No. 2.—The sixty-guinea pianoforte offered to the school having the best attendance for the year ended April 30th, 1901, has been won by the Leylands Board School, Leeds, with an attendance of nearly 99½ per cent., no fewer than 259,516 attendance marks having been gained out of a possible 260,800. The registers of the school have been frequently tested during the year by government and other officials, and have in every case been found correct. Punctuality also is a strong feature in the school, over 300 of the boys and girls having been "never absent! never late!" during the year, while on a surprise visit at ten minutes past nine we found 680 children present out of 690 whose names were on the roll.

Of this remarkable school Mr. James Watson is the headmaster, and to him we have awarded a set of Pearson's Hundred Best Books and a Wernicke Elastic Bookcase; while half a set of the Hundred Best Books goes to Miss Elsie Eleanor Warham, a teacher whose class reached a percentage of over 99½. We are also sending one hundred half-crown prize books to the headmaster for the children whom he thinks most worthy. Four other schools reached at least 99 per cent., and to the head teachers of those schools we have sent Wirt Pens as consolation prizes. The names of the teachers are as follows: Mr. W. H. Childs, Stotfold Board School, Hertfordshire; Miss Elizabeth White, Parton-le-street, Yorkshire; Mr. J. W. Pattynson, Beetham, Westmoreland; Mr. F. H. Shephard, Barbon, Westmoreland.

Competition No. 3.—In this competition the highest percentage (over 99½) was gained by Miss E. E. Warham, who is, however, disqualified for the prize as she was a successful competitor in Competition No. 2. Miss E. Whitehead, of the Robinson Street Wesleyan School, Sunderland, whose percentage also is above 99½, is the next on the list, and fifty of Pearson's Best Books have therefore been forwarded to her. Wirt Pens as consolation prizes have been awarded to the following teachers, whose children made at least 99 per cent. of the possible attendances during the year: Mr. J. W. Driver, Leylands Board School, Leeds; Miss A. Kneeshaw, Leylands Board School, Leeds; Mr. Thos. W. Fisher, Leylands Board School, Leeds; Miss Emma Wilson, Leylands Board School, Leeds; Miss E. Dingwall, Coombe School, Berks; Miss Vickery, Beetham School, Westmoreland; Miss Florence Hill, St. Arvan's School, Chesham; Miss Laura Moore, Chance's Board School, Smethwick; Miss E. Pannell, Gillingthorpe, Essex; Miss Maud Smith, Sutton School, Isle of Ely; Miss L. Patrick, Boothtown Church School, near Manchester; Mr. A. J. Brant, Corbett Street Board School, Smethwick; Miss A. Osborne, Gorton Endowed School, Cambridge.

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York	51 The late Lord Russell of Killowen	99 General Gordon	151 Cunard Liner, Campania
H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall	52 The Lord Mayor of London (1900-1901)	100 Earl Roberts, V.C., G.C.B., K.G.	152 Cunard Liner, Lucania
and York	53 Sir Robert Ball	101 Lord Kitchener of Khartoum	153 Adelina Patti
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